THE

THEATRICAL RECORDER:

BY

THOMAS HOLCROFT.

CONTENTS OF NUMBER III.

AVARICE AND OSTENTATION, a Comedy, translated from Goldoni.
REMARKS on that Comedy.
Anecdotes of Goldoni from his own Memoirs.
Abstract of the Biography of the late John Tobin, Esq. Author of the Honey Moon.
NEW PIECES.
—— The Honey Moon.
—— The Lady of the Rock.
—— Too Many Cooks.
—— To Marry, or Not to Marry.
With Remarks on various of the Performers.
Mr. Elliston.
Mr. Kemble.
Mr. Cooke.
Mr. Munden.
Miss Duncan.
Miss Mellon.
Miss Decamp.
And the new Performer, Miss Shuttleworth.
ESSAY ON DRAMATIC COMPOSITION.
Moral Nature of Plays, Comic Operas, and Entertainments.
HISTORY OF THE GERMAN STAGE.
Bruck an Actor. Gellert. Lessing. Schlegel. Madame Neuber. Koch.
DRAMATIC ANECDOTES.
Macbeth. Garrick and the Duke of Parma. Garrick and Mrs. Pritchard. Jonson's Witches. Cibber and Boy. Mrs. Dancer. French Authors and Actors.
MISCELLANIES.
—— Master Betty.
—— Roman Roscius.
—— Æsopus.
Answer to Correspondents.
Monthly List.

London:

Printed by C. Mercier and Co. No. 6, Northumberland-court,

Where the Work may be procured;

And at all the BOOKSELLERS;

And published for the Author, by H. D. Symonds, Paternoster-row.

1805.

AVARICE AND OSTENTATION:

A COMEDY,

IN FIVE ACTS,

TRANSLATED FROM

THE ITALIAN OF CARLO GOLDONI.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

COUNT CASTELDORO.

MARQUIS DEL BOSCO.

CHEVALIER DEL BOSCO.

GIACINTO.

FRONTINO.

FIORILLO.

TAYLOR.

JEWELLER.

ARAMINTA.

ELEONORA.

DORIMENE.

VISITORS and a NOTARY who do not speak.

SCENE—Paris.

AVARICE AND OSTENTATION*:

A COMEDY.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—COUNT, *solus.*

Count.

AT last I am determined to marry. How! I marry! I, who have always avoided expence! I, who have detested every intercourse with the ladies! Well, in this case, I am hurried away in my own despite. Ambition has induced me to obtain a title; therefore, should I die without children, my money is lost! and children themselves will but bring trouble! (*calls*) Frontino!

SCENE II.—*Enter* FRONTINO.

Front. Here, Sir!

Count. Hark ye!

Front. I have found a taylor, Sir, as you ordered me; and a taylor of the first notoriety.

Count. Will he come directly?

Front. Very soon. He was obliged first to wait on a duke. I was lucky enough to find him at home when he was about to step into his coach.

Count. His coach!

Front. Yes, Sir.

Count. His own coach? His own horses?

Front. Beyond all doubt. A superb carriage, and excellent nags.

Count. O Lord! He's too rich. Is he in repute?

Front. In the greatest! He works for the first families in Paris.

Count. But his honesty?

Front. On that subject I have nothing to say. But why, Signor Count, did you not employ your own taylor?

---

* The title in the Italian is *L'Avaro Fastoso*: THE POMPOUS MISER.

Count. Fie! My own taylor on such an occasion! I have need of several suits; and, as they must be grand, magnificent, and made in full perfection, shall I, if any one should ask who is my taylor, shall I answer *Signor Taccone*; whose name nobody knows?

Front. Then, Sir, from what I hear, you are soon to be married?

Count. So soon, that this very day, and in this very house, I am to sign the contract: I have therefore called you to give the necessary orders. On this occasion, I shall have a great company to dine with me; and must have such a dinner—in short, brilliant! grand! splendid! Not that I would satiate the indiscreet, or gorge my guests: but I would surprise, by an air of grandeur—you know what I mean.

Front. Yes, Sir, tolerably well: but to do all this will not be quite so easy. I must inquire whether the cook——

Count. No, no, Frontino, I would not have thee be dependent on the caprice of a cook. Take the direction of every thing upon thyself. I know thy talents, the readiness of thy wit, and thy zeal for thy master's interest. There is not in the whole world a man like Frontino! Thou canst work miracles: and on such an occasion wilt surpass thyself.

Front. (*aside*) Ha! His usual mode! Coaxing me when he wants me; but afterward——

Count. Here is a list of the guests, whom I have invited. My sister lives in this hotel, and my future spouse and her mother have the adjoining apartments. Here is a note of the other guests. We shall be thirty at table. Hasten to them all, and get a positive answer from each, that, in case of refusals, other persons may be invited.

Front. Thirty guests! Do you know, Sir, how much a dinner for thirty will——

Count. Perfectly; and will employ thy discretion to combine economy and magnificence.

Front. For example, you gave a supper a few nights ago to three gentlemen, and——

Count. Ay, that was a trifle: at present I would be talked of.

Front. But this trifling supper you thought so dear that——

Count. Lose no time in useless words.

Front. You threw the account in my face, and have not yet——

Count. Here is my sister. Be gone!

Front. (*aside*) Oh Lord! Oh Lord! What will become of me! This time, friend Frontino, by way of recompence, prepare thyself to be kicked out of doors. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.—*Enter* DORIMENE.

Count. Good morning, dear sister; how do you do?

Dor. Perfectly well. How are you?

Count. Never better. Fortunate and happy man! I am to possess a bride of high birth and merit.

Dor. Then you are determined in favour of Eleonora.

Count. Ay, sweet sister! She is your relation; you proposed her to me, and I therefore have reason to give her the preference.

Dor. (*ironically*) Her and one hundred thousand crowns to her portion, with as much more perhaps at the death of her mother.

Count. You will allow, sister, that such conditions are not to be despised.

Dor. True, but you, who are so——

Count. I understand you. A man like me, having sacrificed a considerable sum to obtain a title, should have endeavoured to marry into an illustrious family. I have thought much, and long combated this reigning inclination; but I know the prejudices of the old nobility: I must have dearly paid for the pompous honour of such an alliance.

Dor. That is not what I wish to say.

Count. I am determined to marry the charming Eleonora.

Dor. But if the charming Eleonora should feel no love for you?

Count. My dear sister, I do not think myself a person to be despised.

Dor. But the inclinations are whimsical.

Count. Has Eleonora told you she cannot love me?

Dor. Not precisely told me, but I have great reason to doubt.

Count. (*to himself, vexed*) This is a little strange.

Dor. Why are you angry if you take in ill part——?

Count. No, no, you mistake me. Speak freely and sincerely.

Dor. You know the confidence you have placed in me. Having discoursed together concerning this family, I wrote to Madam Araminta, with an invitation for herself and daughter to pass a few days at Paris.

Count. And they have been a fortnight with you. This I know must give trouble, and bring expence; and, as you have done it for my sake—I—my duty—my obligations are eternal.

Dor. By no means, brother. The expence is trifling, and the inconvenience little. I love this family, and, beside being related to my husband, am greatly interested in its behalf. Eleonora is the best girl on earth, and her mother is no less respectable. A good heart, economical, and to the most exact economy she unites no less prudence and regularity of conduct.

Count. Excellent: and so has been the education of her daughter. But now tell me——

Dor. Sincerely, brother, in my opinion, Eleonora neither loves you much nor little.

Count. On what do you found this strange suspicion?

Dor. I will tell you. When your name is mentioned, she looks down and gives no answer.

Count. Bashfulness.

Dor. When she hears or sees you coming, she changes colour, is in a tremor, and wishes to hide herself.

Count. At her age that is not extraordinary.

Dor. When this marriage is mentioned the tears are in her eyes.

Count. The tears of a child? Can any thing be more equivocal?

Dor. And though so equivocal and so full of doubt, will you dare to marry her?

Count. Certainly, without the least difficulty.

Dor. It seems you love her to distraction?

Count. I love——I do not know how much.

Dor. You have scarcely seen her twice.

Count. Is not that enough to a feeling heart like mine?

Dor. Ah, brother, I know you.

Count. Your penetration is a little too quick.

Dor. I do not wish hereafter you should have to reproach me.

Count. Yonder is Frontino.

Dor. If you have business——

Count. (*affected kindness*) Will you go?

Dor. We shall meet again. I only wish you to think a little on what I have said, and before you marry——

Count. Fear nothing, dear sister. Do me the pleasure to dine with me to-day. I will send to invite Madam Araminta and her daughter. We shall have many guests. The notary will be here after dinner, and the contract will be signed.

Dor. To-day?

Count. No doubt: Madam Araminta has pledged her word.

Dor. (*ironically*) I give you joy. (*aside*) I will never suffer Eleonora to sacrifice herself for my sake. If I could but truly understand her heart—— I will try. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV.—*The* COUNT, *and then* FRONTINO.

Count. Poor girl! A little too diffident of me. Does not think me capable of subduing a tender and inexperienced heart! Beside, she carries her delicacy rather too far: in marriages of convenience, not the heart but family interest is consulted. Well, Frontino, what have you to say?

Front. The taylor is come, Sir.

Count. Where is he?

Front. At the door, sending away his coach, and giving orders to his servants.

Count. His servants!

Front. Yes, Sir.

Count. Apropos: that reminds me that thou must write immediately to my country steward, that he may send me six handsome youths, tall, well made, the best he can find on the estate, that the taylor may take measure of them for liveries.

Front. Six clowns in liveries!

Count. Yes, to honour my nuptials. Tell the steward that all the time they stay here their country wages shall be continued, beside having their board. Thou knowest this sort of people: take care not to overload their plates.

Front. Never fear, Sir, they will not die of indigestion.

Count. Hold. Take the key of the closet where the plate is kept; let it be displayed, and all brought on table.

Front. But, Sir, your plate is so antique, and so black—it will be necessary at least to have it new polished.

Count. Oh, silver is always silver—here comes the taylor, I suppose.

Front. Yes, Sir. Enter, Signor, enter.

SCENE V.—*To them the* TAYLOR.

Tayl. I am the most humble servant of your most illustrious lordship.

Count. Come near, Sir. I was impatient to see you. I want four suits for myself, and twelve liveries for my servants.

Tayl. It will do me honour to serve you, and have no doubt but it will be to your heart's content.

Front. My master pays well.

Tayl. I have the honour to know him. Who is it that does not know the illustrious Count Casteldoro?

Count. The occasion requires all possible display of magnificent splendor.

Tayl. I will show you stuffs of gold and silver.

Count. No, no; I do not wish to look as if caparisoned in gilded leather. The dresses must be noble and rich, but nothing with a shining ground.

Tayl. You prefer embroidery?

Count. I do: four embroidered suits, but in the best possible taste, the patterns rich and delicate.

Front. (*aside*) Hey day; I do not know my master.

Tayl. Rich, but light embroidery?

Count. No, Sir: point of Spain, ample, massive, and of the best workmanship; well designed, splendid, but nothing that shines.

Tayl. Every thing that you can desire. Shall I take your measure?

Count. Yes—on one condition.

Tayl. What is it?

Front. (*aside*) Ay, let us hear the condition.

Count. You must slightly tack on the embroidery, that it may not be spoiled. I would have no buttons of false diamonds. I shall wear my four suits each of them twice during the first eight days of my nuptials, so that your embroidery will still be new, and may again be sold as such. You must now tell me what you will charge for the cloth, the making, and the use of your ornaments.

Front. (*aside*) Yes, yes, he is still himself.

Count. But first concerning the liveries.

Tayl. With your permission, I wish to have the honor of speaking to you in private.

Front. (*angrily to the* Taylor) If I must not stay, I can go.

Count. By no means. Frontino is part of the family: you may speak before him.

Front. (*to the* Taylor) You see, Sir! Hem!

Tayl. No, friend; I did not mean you, but—look to see if we have no listeners. (*slily gives* Frontino *a crown.*)

Front. (*aside*) A crown! It is long since I had so much.

Tayl. Sir, I comprehend the nature of your project. You are not naturally inclined to pomp; but, sagacious and prudent as you are, you willingly sacrifice to appearance and convenience. I esteem myself most fortunate in having the honor to serve you. I venerate gentlemen who think like you, and laugh at those who ruin themselves, while I give them every aid in my power, that they may be ruined in style. In me you have discovered the only man fit for your purpose: set your heart at rest; I have the means to satisfy you.

Count. (*aside*) If I do not mistake, this is a most smooth-tongued, artful——(*aloud*) Well then, you will make my four suits?

Tayl. Pardon me, Sir, your idea is not practicable. I could not avoid paying extremely dear for the embroidery; and my delicate conscience would never permit me to sell it again as new.

Count. (*aside*) His delicate conscience! Why did he come to *me?*

Tayl. I will confide a secret to you which I have treasured up with jealousy; for, were it known, I cannot tell you how much it would prejudice my character and credit. I, who am the court taylor, taylor to the principal nobility of Paris, I secretly, and under a borrowed name, carry on a flourishing trade in old clothes.

Count. An old clothesman keep his coach!

Tayl. Which is maintained by that very means.

Front. (*to the* Count) You see, Sir, I have found you a man of sincerity; a man whose heart is as open as his face; a man who merits all your confidence.

Count. (*aside*) I perceive— (*aloud*) Should I find this to be my interest?

Tayl. I will show you two dozen of most magnificent suits, all new, that never were worn but once or twice at the most.

Count. Will they be known again?

Tayl. No danger of that; every thing that enters my magazine assumes a new face. I export the most splendid samples that France produces; and I import the spoils and riches of the principal cities in Europe. You shall see suits the most superb, and stuffs of the greatest rarity. It is a pity you will have neither gold nor silver.

Count. Nay, should it be any thing of uncommon beauty and taste, gold and silver would not offend me.

Front. To be sure, if the streets were to be paved with gold, we must walk.

Count. But the price.

Tayl. See, admire, and select; act just as you please. (*aside*) I have found the very man I wished for. I will soon be back, dear Sir. (*aside*) Paris is the place; every thing a man wants is there to be found.

Front. Have you by chance any thing that will sit genteel, and make me look like a gentleman's gentleman.

Tayl. (*aside*) I will clothe you from head to foot, only be my friend.

Front. Your friend! On such conditions who could refuse.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—Dorimene *and* Eleanora.

Dorimene.

COME here, my dear Eleonora, I wish to speak to you alone. My brother, I believe, is gone out: (*looks off*) he is not in his cabinet.

Eleon. (*aside*) What can she have to say? She has a friendship for me, but I believe her interest is more for her brother. I can expect no consolation for myself.

Dor. We are alone, and may speak freely. Permit me first to observe that within these few days you have had a serious melancholy air, which seems but little to suit your expectations.

Eleon. It is natural to me, Madam; a little more, a little less, I am always so.

Dor. Excuse me; but on your arrival at Paris you had no such gloomy appearance in your face. You are entirely changed, and certainly not without cause.

Eleon. Dear no; there is no such change.

Dor. My good young friend, you conceal the truth, and want confidence in me. Be a little more just, and rest assured that, though I proposed a marriage between you and my brother, no foolish ambition makes me wish it should succeed at the expence of your heart. Tell me openly what are your wishes; speak freely, and you will see whether I am your friend.

Eleon. (*aside*) If I durst but—— No, no.

Dor. Have you any dislike to my brother?

Eleon. I have not long had the honour of his acquaintance, Madam.

Dor. His age, for example, may seem a little too great when compared with your own.

Eleon. The age of a man does not appear to me a thing of great consequence.

Dor. You observed that my brother has rather too much economy.

Eleon. You know, Madam, I have been educated in economy.

Dor. If so, my dear Eleonora, to my great satisfaction, I have been entirely mistaken, and you will be perfectly happy with my brother.

Eleon. I!—Do you think so?

Dor. No doubt, it cannot be otherwise. I have questioned you with the best intentions, and you have answered—sincerely—as I must believe.

Eleon. Oh!—Certainly.

Dor. Then be at peace; your heart tells me you will be happy.

Eleon. (*affected*) My heart, Madam!

Dor. Your heart.

Eleon. Ah! I do not understand my own heart.

Dor. Why are you so much moved?

Eleon. (*looking off*) Am I not called?

Dor. Called? Where? By whom?

Eleon. (*going*) Perhaps my mother;—perhaps somebody——

Dor. No, no; pray stay: your mother knows you are with me, and therefore cannot be in fear. I have something more to say to you.

Eleon. (*aside*) How difficult to disguise my feelings!

Dor. Remember, your heart has told me——

Eleon. (*timorously*) What, Madam?

Dor. You are in love with another.

Eleon. (*confused*) I, Madam!

Dor. You: your blushes confirm it.

Eleon. (*aside*) Heavens! Have I betrayed myself? (*aloud*) You will not tell this to my mother? I shall be lost!

Dor. No, no; fear nothing: though you have discovered that you cannot confide in me, I love you tenderly, and am incapable of giving you needless pain. Here your mother comes: let us consider between ourselves.

Eleon. Ah, Madam! (*embracing.*)

SCENE II.—*Enter* ARAMINTA.

Aram. Well, child! I fear you are troublesome?

Eleon. Pardon me, but——

Dor. We are friends, and I entreated her to keep me company.

Aram. You are kinder to her than she deserves. I cannot understand her! She is become so melancholy and dull!

Dor. The air of Paris may not agree with her.

Aram. Do you think so? Since she left the place of her education, she is no longer the same! Nothing pleases, nothing diverts her! Music, reading, and drawing, are all forsaken! I have spared no expence, and have taken no little delight in perceiving her progress; while, at present, I am equally surprised to see her thus negligent. I willingly incur expence for any good purpose; but no one can be more angry than I am at squandering money.

Eleon. (*aside*) It is very true! I no longer know myself.

Dor. Nay, Madam.

Aram. If she wishes to return to her retirement, why not say so?

Dor. Oh, no, Madam; she has no such wish.

Aram. But why then, child, are you so gloomy; so indolent! You are soon to be married, and to govern a family: this requires activity, attention, and order, as you may see by my example. I am busy, from morning to evening, here and there, going, coming, helping, commanding, and sometimes obliged to find fault: but, by these means, all goes well.

Eleon. (*aside*) I hoped to do the same; but all my hopes are flown!

Dor. Oh, Madam, when your daughter's heart shall be at ease——

Aram. At ease! What does she want? Is not the marriage-contract to be signed to-day?

Dor. Here comes my brother! He can best inform you——

Eleon. (*aside*) How miserable am I!

SCENE III.—*Enter the* COUNT *and a* JEWELLER.

Count. I am happy, ladies, to find you together; I came purposely to ask your advice.

Aram. On what subject? Ladies are sometimes excellent advisers?

Count. (*to the* Jeweller) Show your case of jewels.

Aram. (*aside*) Jewels! He may well ask advice in such articles; it is easy to deceive.

Jew. (*presenting the case to* Dorimene) Please to examine if diamonds can be more pure and perfect.

Count. Pray give me your opinion.

Dor. I think them admirable! What say you, Eleonora?

Eleon. (*with indifference*) I do not understand such things.

Aram. I do—show them to me. Though I never wore any diamonds, commerce has made me well acquainted with them. (*taking the case*) These are fine, indeed! Perfectly assorted, and of a beautiful water. What is their price?

Count. Oh! that is a secret between ourselves: (*to the* Jeweller) is it not?

Jew. My Lord——I have nothing to say.

Aram. (*aside*) So much the worse; the Count will be the more easily imposed upon. He comes to ask advice, and then refuses to hear it!

Count. (*apart, to the* Jeweller) My good friend, will you trust your diamonds with me three or four days?

Jew. (*to the* Count) If the ladies think them good, and well chosen, I should prefer——

Count. Nay, friend, jewels of this value must not be purchased without reflection. Knowing me, you cannot be afraid.

Jew. By no means! They are at your service.

Count. Be pleased to return at the end of the week: I know the price, and you shall then have the money or the diamonds.

Jew. I am much obliged to you, Signor. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV.

Count. (*aside*) Excellent! just as I wished! (*to* Eleonora) Will you do me the favour, Madam, to wear the jewels I have the honor to present you, at least for to-day.

Dor. To-day?

Count. It is the day on which we are to sign the contract, and we shall have thirty persons at table.

Aram. Thirty!

Count. At least, Madam.

Aram. (*aside*) He will ruin himself! But I will hear more.

Count. (*presenting the case to* Dorimene) Dear sister, let me

request you to trouble yourself with this case, and to kindly attend at the toilet of this lady, to assist in arranging the diamonds. Will you do me the pleasure, charming Eleonora, to accept my sister's aid?

Eleon. (*coldly*) My mamma never wears diamonds.

Aram. Do not be silly, child. I did not wear diamonds, because my husband was too prudent to indulge in such expences: but, if the Count think differently, complaisance requires your acquiescence.

Eleon. But, you know, mamma——

Aram. Oh! I know—I know, child, you do not know good breeding. Accept them gratefully.

Eleon. (*aside*) Unhappy me! (*to the* Count) Signor—I am greatly obliged.

Dor. (*apart, to the* Count) Are you satisfied with such a cold manner?

Count. Perfectly.

Dor. Have you no dissatisfaction; no fears?

Count. Not the least.

Dor. (*aside*) What a singular man is my brother?

SCENE V.—*Enter* FRONTINO.

Front. Here is a letter, Sir.

Count. With your permission, ladies.

Aram. By all means! (*to* Dorimene) Let us examine the jewels a little.

Count. (*to himself, having read the letter*) The Marquis comes at an ill time! After a dinner of thirty guests, I must give him a supper! He asks it with so little ceremony too! How can it be managed?

Dor. What is the matter, brother?

Count. (*affecting cheerfulness*) Nothing, nothing. I have just received news, which gives me pleasure. The Marquis Del Bosco is arrived, and coming to sup with me this evening.

Eleon. (*agitated*) What do I hear?

Aram. I know the Marquis; his country seat is not three miles distant from mine.

Count. You will see him this evening; with the Marchioness his daughter, and the Chevalier his son.

Eleon. (*still more agitated*) The Chevalier! Oh, Heaven!

Count. I hope they will be in time to be present, when we sign the contract.

Eleon. (*still aside*) Fatal trial! How shall I support it?

Aram. What is the matter, daughter?

Eleon. Nothing—not much—a swimming in the head.

Count. (*to* Araminta) For Heaven's sake, take care of——! (*to* Frontino) Don't go.

Aram. The open air will revive her.

Dor. Let us walk into the garden.

Aram. By all means.

Dor. Is the door open, brother?

Count. No; but here is the key.

Dor. (*aside*) He will trust it to nobody, but has it always in his pocket. Come, Eleonora. (*aside*) This may be a proper opportunity. (*retiring, with* Eleonora.)

Count. (*to* Araminta) I hope, Madam, this attack is trifling; but the young lady should not be exposed to the least danger. If you think proper, we will defer the dinner of to-day, and have a supper instead.

Aram. Just as you please—but your dinners and suppers—I have much to say to you on such subjects. My daughter may want me; I will return presently.

SCENE VI.

Count. (*earnestly*) Hark ye, Frontino! Send messengers, immediately, to inform the guests I have invited that, instead of dinner, I entreat them to honor me with their company at supper.

Front. So, so!—But it will be difficult to find them all, so late in the day.

Count. No matter. Those who may come to dinner must be told of the change. They will return to supper, or not, as they please.

Front. Yes, Signor. (*aside*) Admirable! Quite in character! [*Exit.*

Count. This visit comes at a lucky time! Nothing could be more fortunate!

SCENE VII.—*Enter* ARAMINTA.

Count. Well, dear Madam! Eleonora?

Aram. All I hope will be well.

Count. Then I shall be happy; for health should be our first care. I have sent round to the guests, with an invitation to supper this evening.

Aram. Thirty persons at supper!

Count. I hope so, Madam.

Aram. Permit me to speak openly, and tell you all I think.

Count. You cannot give me greater pleasure.

Aram. Is it not extreme folly to assemble thirty persons, twenty of whom, at least, will make a jest of you?

Count. A *jest* of *me?*

Aram. Beyond all doubt. Do not think I am avaricious: thank Heaven, that is not my defect; but I cannot endure to see money squandered.

Count. But, on such a day, and under such circumstances.

Aram. Are they your relations, whom you have invited?

Count. By no means. A select company: The nobility! The literati! The magistracy! All persons of distinction.

Aram. Worse and worse! Vanity, ostentation, folly! My good friend, you do not know the value of money.

Count. (*smiles*) I not know the value of money!

Aram. Alas, you do not! Your sister made me believe you were economical: had I known the truth, I should never have married my daughter to a spendthrift.

Count. So you think me a spendthrift!

Aram. I first perceived it by the considerable sum you threw away in the purchase of a title; which sacrifice to vanity has no beneficial end.

Count. How! Are you not aware, the rank I have acquired will impress a character of respect on myself, your daughter, and our descendants?

Aram. Quite the reverse. I rather would have given my daughter to you, as Signor Anselmo Colombani, a well-known merchant, than to the Count of Casteldoro, a newly-made nobleman.

Count. But, Madam——

Aram. Your ancestors have saved what you will scatter.

Count. Scatter! I! You are mistaken, Madam. You do not know me.

Aram. Oh, yes, yes. I saw the manner in which, without any knowledge of diamonds, or asking the least advice, you were led away by the jeweller.

Count. Oh, with respect to the diamonds——

Aram. Ah, ay! I know your answer. They are to decorate the Countess of Casteldoro. And who is the Countess of Casteldoro? My daughter, Signor, has been well educated, but with no such expectations. Every thing has been done, in abundance, that could contribute to convenience, decency, and information; but nothing to pomp and vanity. The ornaments of my daughter ever will be modesty, obedience, and that self-respect, which she could not but acquire from such an education.

Count. (*a little moved*) But, Madam——

Aram. (*very warmly*) But, Signor—(*softening*) I ask your pardon—Perhaps, you may think me too warm; but I see you hurried into a gulph of expence that makes me tremble. My daughter's happiness is concerned: I give her a hundred thousand crowns in marriage.

Count. (*somewhat haughtily*) Am I not able to settle an equal sum upon her?

Aram. Yes, at present. But wealth will diminish; and especially when we have the vanity to be profuse, grand, and magnificent.

Count. I once more assure you, Madam, you do not know me.

Aram. Signor, had you been a different person, I had con-

ceived an excellent plan. My annual income is five and twenty thousand livres: I might have lived with you and my daughter, and the two families might have become one; but, at present, Heaven preserve me from taking such a step!

Count. (*aside*) She will drive me mad! (*to* Araminta) Pray hear me. (*whispering and cunningly*) You mistake my character. Few people indeed understand economy so well as I do, as you will soon be convinced. I willingly close with your proposal, and——

Aram. By no means! You try in vain to persuade me against conviction. Respecting my daughter—I have promised—we shall see—but for myself it is different. Not all the gold on earth should induce me to make such an arrangement, with a man who does not know the use of money, but lets it slip through his fingers faster than chaff through a sieve. [*Exit.*

Count. This is admirable! I never imagined I should pass for a prodigal. [*Exit.*

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*The* COUNT *and* FRONTINO.

Count.

FRONTINO.

Front. Signor.

Count. Go and inquire how Eleonora does.

Front. One of your guests is without, and desires to speak with you.

Count. Who is he?

Front. The young gentleman who lately read you a comedy, written by himself.

Count. Oh! Signor Giacinto. Bid him enter.

Front. Please to come in, Signor. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.—*Enter* GIACINTO.

Count. Good morning, Signor Giacinto. I am very sorry that the messenger, sent by me, did not find you at home: he came to inform you that an accident has occasioned me to put off the dinner, but that I hoped to see you at supper.

Giac. It is just the same to me, Signor. Meanwhile, permit me the honor to——

Count. I hope to see you, without fail, this evening.

Giac. I am infinitely obliged to you; but, having now the good fortune to find you alone, and at leisure, I wish to la-

before you certain alterations made in the epistle dedicatory: as I have nothing so much at heart as your satisfaction.

Count. Well, Signor Giacinto, since you are absolutely resolved to dedicate your comedy to me, I have thought—it would be best to inform you—of certain particulars respecting myself. Not from vanity! Oh, no! Heaven preserve me from that! But solely to give an opportunity to your eloquence, and lustre to your work.

Giac. You see, Signor, I have made a good use of the materials which you have so kindly furnished: but I have done something more.

Count. Have you mentioned my pictures?

Giac. Oh yes.

Count. And my library?

Giac. Certainly.

Count. Including the books which I told you I should purchase?

Giac. But—Signor—a catalogue of books in a dedication—

Count. Where is the difficulty? You may say, in a note at the bottom of the page, the Count of Casteldoro possesses—a superb library, of not less than ten thousand volumes. A man of wit, like you, knows how to take advantage of every thing. The supper of this evening, for example, may furnish some new ideas: something animated, witty, poetical.

Giac. That may be possible; but I have been employed on a subject more essential: I have written your genealogy.

Count. (*coldly*) My genealogy? No, no, friend. I have not a taste for that science. You might, I grant, say things that should happen to do me honor; but I am an enemy to vanity, and would prefer forbearance; especially on the question of genealogy.

Giac. As you please; but I have made discoveries, that have cost me much time and study; of which I thought you might wish to be informed.

Count. (*with curiosity*) Discoveries that relate to me?

Giac. That relate to you, Signor.

Count. My dear Signor Giacinto, let me hear.

Giac. Your true family name is not Colombani.

Count. I grant it may have been changed.

Giac. Do me the favor to listen. The great Columbus, who discovered America, and who was ennobled by the king of Spain, had two brothers, and various relations. Now, in looking through authors to discover annotations for my Life of Petrarch, I found that one of the relations of Christopher Columbus went from Genoa, his native place, to the city of Avignon, in France. By corruption of the termination, I find the name of Colombo, or Columbus, has been changed to Colombani; and I demonstrate, beyond all doubt, that you are a descendant of that ancient illustrious family.

Count. (*much pleased*) You have demonstrated it!

Giac. Here are my proofs. (*presenting papers.*)

Count. (*receiving them*) From the little I can now recollect, I believe you are right. Ay, ay; it might be. I do not love ostentation, as you perceive, but I shall be highly pleased if your discovery can do yourself honor; I therefore have not the courage to forbid the publication. Have you presented your comedy to the comedians?

Giac. Yes, Signor.

Count. And they certainly received it with approbation?

Giac. On the contrary, Signor, it has been peremptorily refused.

Count. Refused!

Giac. You have heard it read: does it deserve such a reward?

Count. If the comedy be good, why is it refused? Their interest should oblige them to accept it, with thanks.

Giac. What can be expected from such ignorant judges? But I will have my revenge! It shall be printed! The public shall decide!

Count. Bravo! You are right; have it printed. It might not be greatly successful on the stage, but in the closet it will delight. Your sale will be prodigious.

Giac. Since you approve and encourage me, Signor, would you but have the goodness to pass your word for the expence of printing, and——

Count. (*with a determined tone*) There is no need of that: apply to a good bookseller; let him have his profits, and he will answer for the whole.

Giac. To speak the truth, Signor, I have in vain applied to more than one. At last, a bookseller has agreed that, if the Count of Casteldoro will make himself responsible, he will undertake to publish it on my account.

Count. How! have you mentioned my name?

Giac. I could not avoid it.

Count. You have done very ill. Should it be known that I take an interest in the comedy, it would be said I did so because of the dedication; and I should then appear ridiculous. Drop all thoughts of the press at present; a more favorable opportunity may occur.

Giac. But, Signor——

SCENE III.—*Enter* FRONTINO.

Count. Well, Frontino, what answer?

Front. The young lady is rather better, Signor.

Count. Rather better! But is she well enough to—— I will go and inquire myself. (*to* Giacinto) You see, Signor, a young lady is ill in my house, and the supper must be deferred. Another time—— (*going.*)

Giac. Then, if the manuscript be useless, Signor——

Count. True; it shall be returned. (*going.*)

Giac. I beg you to recollect the time and trouble it has cost me.

Count. (*returning the manuscript*) Very right! You are fond of your own works: I am glad they give you satisfaction, and cannot but thank you for any labor taken on my account. Whenever I can serve you, pray command me.

Giac. Infinitely obliged to the generosity of Signor Count Casteldoro. (*aside*) What ingratitude! Sordid fellow! He shall pay for this, or I am mistaken. [*Exit.*

Count. One guest the less. But I must inquire after Eleonora. (*going.*)

Fior. (*without*) Why house! Is nobody to be found?

Front. This is Fiorillo, the servant of the Marquis.

SCENE IV.—*Enter* FIORILLO, *in a travelling Dress.*

Fior. (*bows*) Signor Count, my master, the Marquis del Bosco, is coming. I rode before, as you perceive, to inform you that his carriage will soon arrive.

Count. (*coldly*) Arrive! What here? And in his coach? Does he come to make any stay?

Fior. No, Signor. To-morrow morning he must be gone to Versailles; for he has affairs at court.

Count. (*aside*) I am glad of it! (*aloud pompously*) I hope the Marquis will do me the honor to remain with me to-night, in company with his son, the Chevalier. With respect to the Marchioness—I'll speak to my sister, and hope she may also be accommodated, as becomes her rank.

Fior. The Marchioness *Del Bosco* does not come with her father; she is with the Countess *d'Orimon*, her aunt, and is to remain at her hotel.

Count. (*aside*) So much the better. (*aloud*) That is unfortunate. I hope, however, I shall have the pleasure to see her. [*Exit.*

SCENE V.—FRONTINO *and* FIORILLO.

Fior. Your master, like your kitchen, smells well!

Front. We are to have a magnificent supper to-night; no less than thirty guests.

Fior. Indeed! Your master is superb. A rare service! Much to eat, and little to do! Then, as to wages—you will make your fortune, Frontino!

Front. Fortune! I can't say——Perhaps!

Fior. You have been long with this master.

Front. Very true: I have an attachment to him.

Fior. And so have I to mine; but without the hope of

saving a farthing in his service. If it were not for the profits of the card-tables, I should certainly leave him.

Front. Then you have much play?

Fior. A great deal.

Front. And no less profit?

Fior. Hum—Tolerable; but not equal to you.

Front. I! Shall I speak plain to a fellow-servant? I have little wages, and no vails.

Fior. Then you are foolish, Frontino. In Paris, so clever a fellow as yourself may find a hundred services, in which they may profit a hundred different ways.

Front. Do you know any *one?*

Fior. Certainly: but you are attached to your master?

Front. To part with him would not break my heart.

Fior. If he pays so ill, he does not like you.

Front. That's a mistake: I am his prime minister, and favorite.

Fior. What do you mean? Were he miserly, so be it; but a generous——

Front. Generous! You little know my master.

Fior. How so? A supper for thirty guests——

Front. Ah, did you know what it will cost me!

Fior. You! Cost you!

Front. Me. Grumbled at, cross-questioned, put to the torture, almost afraid of my life, when I give in my bill. I tremble but to think of it!

Fior. So, so! Very different with us: our master is easily satisfied, and always gay and good humoured. He has an odd manner of speaking, indeed, and never tells you more than half what he means. He has favorite words, which, right or wrong, he always uses. Every body laughs at *him*, and he laughs at himself.

Front. I wish I had such a master!

Fior. The worst of it is, he is poor, and seldom has any money.

Front. Yet you say he plays?

Fior. Very true: he always finds money for that. I hear a coach.

Front. Which way does he——

Fior. (*at the window*) Be quiet! Yes, they are here.

Front. I want to hear more.

Fior. Run and tell your master.

Front. (*aside*) I shall hear it all; he can't hold his tongue. [*Exit.*

Fior. Frontino is a good fellow, but he talks too much; that's his fault.

SCENE VI.—*Enter the* MARQUIS.

Marq. Where is he? Where is the Count?

Fior. His servant is gone to tell him you are here.

Marq. Go, go; see—— Good, good, excellent!—His servant——?

Fior. Will soon be back.

Marq. Meanwhile—— My horses—Nothing to eat—Poor devils—Time to—— Good, good, excellent!—Provender—My son——?

Fior. Is coming. (*aside, and going*) It is not every servant could understand him. [*Exit.*

SCENE VII.—*Enter the* CHEVALIER.

Chev. My dear father! How can I thank you, for all your kindness?

Marq. Say no more—Father to be sure—Few words—can't express all one feels.

Chev. Most true! Had you not discovered my passion, I scarcely should have dared to own it.

Marq. Keen eyes—Why not, dear boy? Why not?—Know Eleonora—Know her mother——

Chev. I am a little known to the latter, but not enough to speak on such a subject.

Marq. A lady that—— Are you sure of the daughter?

Chev. Perfectly. I have met her at her cousin's, and—we have corresponded.

Marq. Good, good, excellent! We shall want—— The Count is my friend.

Chev. And I am acquainted with his sister, Madam Dorimene. I will beg her to entreat for me. Here comes the Count.

SCENE VIII.—*Enter the* COUNT.

Count. Pardon me, Marquis, but——

Marq. Ah! Count! Good day—Good day—Your health—Mine—You see! Hope! Hope!

Count. Still the same! Always cheerful!

Marq. Soul—Life—Good, good, excellent!

Count. And you, Chevalier.

Chev. Always at your commands.

Count. Is the Marchioness with you?

Marq. My daughter?—With her aunt—Good company—

Count. True: I have the pleasure to know her, and will call and pay the ladies my respects.—Hope to have the honor of their company to supper.

Marq. Always obliging—Good, good, excellent!—Ought to apologize—Come suddenly—No ceremony, I beg.

Count. None on earth. I shall only give you my ordinary supper.

Marq. Good, good, excellent! Family meals—Friendly—

Count. The apartments here, on the right—Oh! I forget—To-morrow you go to Versailles?

Marq. I do.

Count. I am sorry to lose you so soon: but, as I was saying, these apartments shall be yours.

Chev. Permit me, Signor Count, to pay my respects to your sister.

Count. You will do me an honor, and give her pleasure.

Chev. (*to his father*) Have I your leave, Sir?

Marq. Certainly. (*aside*) Poor fellow! He is—— Ay, ay—I was just the same—Youth, nature.

Count. We may all go together, if you please.

Marq. Ha! (*aside*) No; must not spoil sport. (*aloud*) Go by himself.

Chev. (*going*) I know my road.

Count. You will meet a young lady there, with whom perhaps you are acquainted.

Chev. (*eager to go*) Indeed! So much the better!

Count. I have something to tell you coucerning her, which perhaps you do not know.

Chev. (*aside*) Too well! I am on the rack!

Count. But which you will be glad to hear.

Chev. (*aside*) Heavens! Perhaps, Eleonora may have discovered our passion to her mother. [*Exit.*

SCENE IX.—Count *and the* Marquis.

Marq. Now we are alone——(*looking round*) Have you time?

Count. I am at your disposal.

Marq. You are my friend.

Count. The title does me honor.

Marq. Good, good, excellent!

Count. (*aside*) He is sometimes very ridiculous.

Marq. I have a favor to—— Friendship—Liberality—Frankness.

Count. (*aside*) So, so! He wants to borrow money.

Marq. You know my family——

Count. Perfectly.

Marq. A son—must be thought of—A daughter too—Good, good, excellent!—The Chevalier—I pity him—You understand me?

Count. I believe I do. You are seriously thinking of establishing your family, which is highly commendable. And,

talking of establishments, I think it but right in me to inform you of my approaching marriage.

Marq. Oh, oh!—that way inclined—You too—Good, good, excellent!

Count. I am this day to sign the contract, and think myself fortunate that you, Signor Marquis, will be present, and——

Marq. Very happy—but, wheanwhile—Could you do me the pleasure to——

Count. You well know, Signor Marquis, the various expences of these occasions: they are endless. To own the truth, I find my pocket empty.

Marq. Good, good, excellent!

Count. Good! I find it exceedingly ill.

Marq. Hear, hear—You are the friend of Madam Araminta.

Count. True; and she, for example, is remarkably rich: she might be of service to your house.

Marq. Precisely so—My very thought—— Would you but speak to her, but without—— What is her daughter's name?

Count. Eleonora.

Marq. True—Bad memory—Eleonora.

Count. (*aside*) If I had not much penetration, I could never guess what he means. (*aloud*) I will speak privately to Madam Araminta.

Marq. Ay, but—— In a particular manner, so that—— You understand me?

Count. I will speak with all possible caution, and hope she will comply—provided she has good security.

Marq. Security!—I—She—As to—my estates.

Count. What sum do you wish?

Marq. I heard that—— Ay—A hundred thousand crowns—Quite satisfied!—Would not wish for more!

Count. (*aside*) A hundred thousand crowns! I would not wish for more! She will scarcely consent to that.

Marq. When will you speak?—I have a project—— No sooner said than done—It is in my nature.

Count. I will inform her to-day.

Marq. And you hope she—— Good, good, excellent!

Count. I think Madam Araminta will comply, if possible; first out of regard to yourself, and next to me, who am soon to become her son.

Marq. Ha!—What?—You?—

Count. I am to marry her daughter.

Marq. Marry!—When?—That true?—That possible?

Count. Why so excessively surprised, Signor Marquis? Do you see any reason to the contrary?

Marq. I—— No—(*aside*) My son!—Fine affair!—Stupid folly!

Count. Madam Araminta intends indeed to give a hundred

thousand crowns with her daughter, but do you think she will have a sum beside so great to lend you?

Marq. Lend me!—Zounds!—Lend me!

SCENE X.

The CHEVALIER, *making Signs of Disappointment and Silence to the* MARQUIS, *enters and goes off without being seen by the* COUNT.

Count. But, if you please, I will speak to her.

Marq. (*to the* Chevalier) Yes, yes; I understand.

Count. (*supposing the answer was to himself*) And will tell her——

Marq. By no means—Don't think—— No, no.

Count. Yes and no! I do not understand you, Signor.

Marq. Lend me!—I may—— I am—— Quite another meaning—Good, good, excellent! Did not come to——

Count. If you will excuse me, I have business. Those are your apartments. (*aside*) I never met so unintelligible a person! [*Exit.*

Marq. Lunacy—Cross purposes—Good, good, excellent! [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*The* CHEVALIER *and* FIORILLO.

Chevalier.

WHILE my father reposes, I will visit my sister; tell him this, when he wakes.

Fior. Yes, Signor.

Chev. Do you know whether the Count is at home?

Fior. Yes; I saw him just now going to speak with Madam Dorimene.

Chev. (*aside*) Surely he is not a rival to be feared. At least, I am secure of the heart of Eleonora, and will not yet despair of gaining her mother. [*Exit.*

Fior. So, young gentleman! I see how it is with you. I pretty well guess your intentions, and how they are thwarted. Ay, ay, I shall have enough to satisfy the curiosity of Frontino. (*sits in the back-ground at his ease.*)

SCENE II.—*Enter* COUNT.

Count. (*not seeing* Fiorillo) I am wearied, teased! Nothing but indifference; and, instead of perfect satisfaction, some-

thing like contempt. A man like me, who had but to choose! So advantageous a marriage! (*seeing* Fiorillo). Is the Marquis at home?

Fior. Yes, Signor: being rather fatigued with travelling, he is taking a nap.

Count. (*aside*) How amiable is his daughter! How charming! I felt affected and confused at the courtesy and kindness with which she and her aunt received me. The visit made me cheerful, happy, and reconciled to myself. What a difference between the politeness of these ladies and the common and trivial manner of Araminta and her daughter; who neither understand civility nor good breeding. Ah! were the young Marchioness but as rich as she is handsome and engaging—who knows? I have a thought——Should her father but be reasonable and easy to manage—Here he comes.

SCENE III.—*Enter the* MARQUIS.

Marq. (*rubbing his eyes and calling*) Fiorillo!

Fior. Signor.

Marq. My son?

Fior. He is gone out.

Marq. Why did not he—— Where is he gone?

Fior. To visit the Marchioness, his sister.

Marq. I too wish—— My coach!

Fior. The horses, Signor——

Marq. (*angry*) Good, good, excellent! My coach!

Fior. I will go and see. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV.—*The* COUNT *and the* MARQUIS.

Count. Do you wish to go out, Signor Marquis.

Marq. See my daughter—Much to say—Tell her—Good, good, excellent!

Count. I have just had that honor. It was long since I had seen her. She fully answers the charming promise of her childhood: her sweetness has increased with her years, and the progress of her talents is wonderful. Permit me to congratulate you on possessing such a treasure.

Marq. Oh, Count—— Ay, ay; good girl. If she chose—but—rank, manners—— Good, good, excellent!

Count. With such talents, so much merit, and blooming eighteen, you should think of a husband for her.

Marq. No doubt—For my part, I—— Apropos; what has just past—you remember—— I borrow!—Lend me!

Count. It appears to me that you suddenly changed your opinion.

Marq. I tell you, no—I mean to—speak, fully, plainly, clearly—Always my way.

thousand crowns with her daughter, but do you think she will have a sum beside so great to lend you?

Marq. Lend me!—Zounds!—Lend me!

SCENE X.

The CHEVALIER, *making Signs of Disappointment and Silence to the* MARQUIS, *enters and goes off without being seen by the* COUNT.

Count. But, if you please, I will speak to her.

Marq. (*to the* Chevalier) Yes, yes; I understand.

Count. (*supposing the answer was to himself*) And will tell her——

Marq. By no means—Don't think—— No, no.

Count. Yes and no! I do not understand you, Signor.

Marq. Lend me!—I may—— I am—— Quite another meaning—Good, good, excellent! Did not come to——

Count. If you will excuse me, I have business. Those are your apartments. (*aside*) I never met so unintelligible a person! [*Exit.*

Marq. Lunacy—Cross purposes—Good, good, excellent! [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*The* CHEVALIER *and* FIORILLO.

Chevalier.

WHILE my father reposes, I will visit my sister; tell him this, when he wakes.

Fior. Yes, Signor.

Chev. Do you know whether the Count is at home?

Fior. Yes;.I saw him just now going to speak with Madam Dorimene.

Chev. (*aside*) Surely he is not a rival to be feared. At least, I am secure of the heart of Eleonora, and will not yet despair of gaining her mother. [*Exit.*

Fior. So, young gentleman! I see how it is with you. I pretty well guess your intentions, and how they are thwarted. Ay, ay, I shall have enough to satisfy the curiosity of Frontino. (*sits in the back-ground at his ease.*)

SCENE II.—*Enter* COUNT.

Count. (*not seeing* Fiorillo) I am wearied, teased! Nothing but indifference; and, instead of perfect satisfaction, some-

thing like contempt. A man like me, who had but to choose! So advantageous a marriage! (*seeing* Fiorillo). Is the Marquis at home?

Fior. Yes, Signor: being rather fatigued with travelling, he is taking a nap.

Count. (*aside*) How amiable is his daughter! How charming! I felt affected and confused at the courtesy and kindness with which she and her aunt received me. The visit made me cheerful, happy, and reconciled to myself. What a difference between the politeness of these ladies and the common and trivial manner of Araminta and her daughter; who neither understand civility nor good breeding. Ah! were the young Marchioness but as rich as she is handsome and engaging—who knows? I have a thought——Should her father but be reasonable and easy to manage—Here he comes.

SCENE III.—*Enter the* MARQUIS.

Marq. (*rubbing his eyes and calling*) Fiorillo!
Fior. Signor.
Marq. My son?
Fior. He is gone out.
Marq. Why did not he—— Where is he gone?
Fior. To visit the Marchioness, his sister.
Marq. I too wish—— My coach!
Fior. The horses, Signor——
Marq. (*angry*) Good, good, excellent! My coach!
Fior. I will go and see. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV.—*The* COUNT *and the* MARQUIS.

Count. Do you wish to go out, Signor Marquis.
Marq. See my daughter—Much to say—Tell her—Good, good, excellent!
Count. I have just had that honor. It was long since I had seen her. She fully answers the charming promise of her childhood: her sweetness has increased with her years, and the progress of her talents is wonderful. Permit me to congratulate you on possessing such a treasure.
Marq. Oh, Count—— Ay, ay; good girl. If she chose—but—rank, manners—— Good, good, excellent!
Count. With such talents, so much merit, and blooming eighteen, you should think of a husband for her.
Marq. No doubt—For my part, I—— Apropos; what has just past—you remember—— I borrow!—Lend me!
Count. It appears to me that you suddenly changed your opinion.
Marq. I tell you, no—I mean to—speak, fully, plainly, clearly—Always my way.

Count. In any case, Signor Marquis, I shall be happy to serve you. I have not spoken to Madam Araminta; for, to own the truth, I am not quite pleased with her daughter. I begin to feel a certain dislike.

Marq. Oh, oh!—A different thing—Well?—hay?—Why not?

Count. I have done every thing to gain their esteem and friendship. A house so richly furnished, carriages and horses the most rare, diamonds worth a hundred thousand livres——

Marq. Is it possible!

Count. 'Tis true: they were shewn. Madam Araminta was amazed.

Marq. Grand!—Superb!—Good, good, excellent!

Count. Injustice and ingratitude have been my reward.

Marq. Good, good, excellent!

Count. (*aside*) Curse the phrase!

Marq. (*aside*) In that case——if Eleonora——if my son—— (*aloud*) If so, Signor Count——candor——frankly and freely tell them—— You understand me? Cut matters short.

Count. Had I paid these attentions to a lady of rank, and merit, I should have acted much more wisely.

Marq. Ay, ay—If—— Certainly!

Count. Do you think a man of rank and fashion, a man like yourself for example, would refuse me the hand of his daughter?

Marq. Rather—— A person of worth—a person that—Who can say more?—Certainly not.

Count. Signor Marquis, thus encouraged.

Marq. Oh I—— If so—I'll go this moment!

Count. Where, Signor?

Marq. To my daughter. (*calls*) Fiorillo!

Count. And may I hope?

Marq. (*calls louder*) Fiorillo!

SCENE V.—*Enter* FIORILLO.

Marq. My coach.

Fior. The coachman is not here, Signor.

Marq. How so? (*to the* Count) Can you lend me——? Soon return.

Count. It is not a hundred yards: you can easily walk.

Marq. Walk!—Hundred yards!—Enough—Adieu—Soon be back— (*going*) Diamonds! A hundred thousand livres!

[*Exit with* Fiorillo.

SCENE VI.—*The* COUNT, *then* FRONTINO.

Count. Courage! The Marquis is enraptured; the daughter's won! All goes well. But I must not lose sight of——

(*calls*) Frontino! No, no; she must not get possession of the jewels. Frontino, I say!

Front. (*entering*) I was busy in planning the dessert.

Count. Go, immediately, and tell my sister I beg her to come here: I have something interesting to communicate. And add, but in a whisper, that I request she will bring me the jewels, which I committed to her care.

Front. But the supper, Signor! I must be every where, and look to all!

Count. True: is every thing prepared?

Front. To your wishes; two essentials excepted.

Count. Which are——?

Front. Coffee and *liqueurs*.

Count. *Liqueurs* inflame the blood.

Front. But coffee?

Count. Blockhead! Coffee at night? It prevents sleep.

Front. Surely, Signor! Not give coffee! Forfeit your character as a liberal host, for such a trifling expence?

Count. Go, Mr. Liberality; do what I bid you.

Front. (*aside*) No coffee! I would rather pay for it out of my own pocket. Yet, no; he would even swear I had filched the money from other articles. [*Exit.*

SCENE VII. COUNT, *alone.*

Count. Dreadful! Luxury is come to such a height! Thank Heaven, I have not spent one farthing from whim or caprice. I always pay money with prudence and circumspection. I do not yet know the character of the Marchioness, but, being once the Countess of Casteldoro, I will teach her my method; which is to esteem myself, and to despise and laugh at other people.

SCENE VIII.—*Enter* DORIMENE.

Dor. I am told you want me, brother?

Count. Pardon this liberty—Where are the diamonds?

Dor. Here: do you want them back?

Count. (*taking them*) Yes, yes! You shall know why.

Dor. You need not take the trouble to tell me, for it is not possible to persuade Eleonora to accept them.

Count. So much the worse for her: she will repent. I have a secret to tell you.

Dor. You know how greatly I am interested in your happiness.

Count. I have seen the Marchioness del Bosco, and have great reason to believe that, whenever I please, I may obtain her hand.

Dor. Indeed! What will the Marquis say?

Count. Oh! He will say, Good, good, excellent! I am sure of him.

Dor. You know the disorder of his affairs! Will you marry her without a portion?

Count. Oh, no! Thank Heaven, I have not lost my wits.

Dor. What will you do then?

Count. Listen and learn. First, let me tell you, I am neither blind nor foolish. I perceive the affections of Eleonora are given to another, and I do not think I am greatly mistaken when I suppose the Chevalier her favorite. Omitting to notice the impertinence of father and son, in visiting me under the mask of friendship, I must tell you it may contribute to aid my project, which is this. Let you and I persuade Madam Araminta to give her daughter, with a hundred thousand crowns, to the Chevalier, on condition that his father receive the money, and that he redeem all his mortgages. I will request the Marchioness his daughter from him, with these said lands; and, by this means, the son and daughter will both be gratified, and the Marquis will not disburse a guinea. What say you, sister; is not the plan a good one?

Dor. Well imagined, but difficult to execute.

Count. Do not fear that; all will be right. The Marquis is gone purposely in search of his daughter: I will join them, and, I have no doubt, all will be concluded this very day. These jewels—may be of— Sister, you shall see wonders. [*Exit.*

Dor. What does he mean? But, if every one be made happy, I shall be the same.

SCENE IX.—*Enter* ELEONORA.

Eleon. (*at the door, timidly*) Are you alone, Signora?

Dor. I am, my dear: come in.

Eleon. My mother is busy, writing——

Dor. Have you any thing to tell me?

Eleon. Forgive my curiosity; have you taken away the jewels?

Dor. Yes; the Count asked for them. Are you vexed?

Eleon. On the contrary, delighted.

Dor. Then you are averse to diamonds?

Eleon. Not at all; but—— You know my secret.

Dor. There are things in expectation, my dear——

Eleon. What, what? Ease my heart, if possible.

Dor. My brother feels you do not love him.

Eleon. That I can easily believe.

Dor. And suspects the Chevalier.

Eleon. Heavens! He will tell my mother!

Dor. Your mother, my dear, must and ought to know it; and you ought to conquer your inclinations.

Eleon. Conquer! Oh! It is not possible.

Dor. I love you, as you know, but cannot——
Eleon. (*suddenly, and looking off*) Ha! I must go.
Dor. What is the matter?
Eleon. (*going*) Don't you see the Chevalier?
Dor. Yes, yes! You are right. Be gone!
Eleon. (*aside and slowly going*) I die to stay.

SCENE X. *Enter the* CHEVALIER.

Chev. Signora—(*discovering* Eleonora) Heavens! Does Eleonora see me and yet go? (*his eyes fixed on* Eleonora.)
Dor. Your pleasure, Signor? (*turns and sees* Eleonora *not gone*) Young lady, your mother expects you.
Eleon. (*timidly*) Pardon me, I would speak one word.
Dor. Well, speak! Make haste!
Eleon. (*gradually approaching*) The jewels will not be returned?
Dor. I do not fear the return *of the jewels.*
Chev. Ladies, if I incommode you, I'll be gone.
Dor. (*a little angry*) As you please, Signor.
Chev. (*going slowly aside*) This treatment is rather severe.
Dor. (*ironically*) Well, Mademoiselle, have you any thing more to say?
Eleon. No, Signora: but—— What offence has the Chevalier committed?
Dor. Really, my dear, you make me smile.
Eleon. I—I cannot smile.
Chev. (*returning after looking into his father's apartment*) My father is not there.
Dor. You will find him at the house of your aunt.
Chev. I just came from there; my aunt and sister are gone out.
Dor. (*more angry*) Young lady.
Eleo. (*mortified, and curtsying; her eyes fixed on the* Chevalier) Pardon me.
Dor. (*ironically*) Excellent, upon my word!

SCENE XI.—*Enter* ARAMINTA.

Aram. (*surprised, aside*) Ah, ha! (*aloud*) The milliner is waiting, daughter: go and look at what she has brought.
[*Exit* Eleonora, *mortified.*
Aram. Pray stay, Chevalier: I would speak with you.
Dor. Ay, pray do; it is right I should justify myself before you. I see, Madam, you understand what I am not blind to; but I assure you I am no party concerned, and that this meeting, though accidental, I think is highly improper.
Aram. (*kindly taking her hand*) I know you, Madam.
Chev. I am sorry, ladies, I am so unfortunate.
Aram. (*softly to* Dorimene) Do me the pleasure to follow

my daughter. Poor child! I vex her sometimes, but I love her dearly! Try to console her.

Dor. Most willingly, Madam. [*Exit.*

SCENE XII. ARAMINTA *and the* CHEVALIER.

Chev. I did not think, Signora, that my conduct——

Aram. Let us speak plainly, Signor. What are your pretensions to my daughter?

Chev. Oh, could I but hope to merit her hand——

Aram. Of yourself, nothing more could be desired: your birth, character, and conduct, are all in your favor; and I should think it an honor to call you my son. Permit me only to say that the affairs of your family——

Chev. I own it. My father is the best of men, but has been greatly mislead.

Aram. Then, being sensible of this truth, you, better than any person, should be aware of the confusion and distress which might be brought on a young woman, of a good family, and with no contemptible fortune. Would you willingly expose this fortune to the evident danger of being ill managed, and soon dissipated?

Chev. Hear me but a moment: I will speak frankly. I have spent some years in the army, which I have been obliged to quit, because I could not properly support my birth, and military rank. Returning home, I have lived privately, without complaint, and concealing my situation. A family friend, interesting himself in my behalf, suggested that a proper marriage might enable me to appear again at my post; and thus excited me to mix with the world, and declare my purpose. I heard of you, Madam, of your daughter's merit, and of the fortune which she was to have. I saw her, and was so enraptured by her charms, and mental qualities, that every interested motive instantly ceased, and love alone took possession of my heart. I then, indeed, wished I were rich, and deeply felt the distress of my family. My friends saw my distress, pitied me, would not forsake me, spoke of your goodness, and encouraged me respectfully to declare myself, and my hopes. I listened to their advice, or rather to love; and hoped that gratitude and respect would, some time, acquire for me a daughter's love, and a kind mother's consent.

Aram. I approve your candor; yet, do not hope I can give you my daughter, though I am greatly affected by your situation, and disposed to favor you, as far as prudence will permit.

Chev. Your goodness consoles me! but, oh Heavens! Do you refuse me that precious gift, your daughter?

Aram. You must not hope to have her, Signor. It may be ten years before you are in a state to marry. Live in freedom,

and leave my daughter to her destiny. If you approve it, thus much I can offer. I will lend you the sum necessary to purchase military rank, and even a regiment; depending for repayment upon circumstances, and your word of honor.

Chev. I may die, Madam.

Aram. And I may lose my money; but not the recollection of having done justice to merit, and a worthy gentleman.

Chev. Noble generosity! Yet——Your daughter——

Aram. I speak absolutely—You must not think of her.

Chev. Surely it is possible that love and constancy——

Aram. Let us examine, what sum will you want? You have friends?

Chev. A few.

Aram. I may increase the number. Let us retire where we can speak more freely.

Chev. Wherever you please. (*calls*) Fiorillo!

Aram. Poor youth! The victim of his father's imbecility! [*Exit.*

SCENE XIII.—*Enter* FIORILLO.

Chev. Hark you, Fiorillo! Tell my father—— Here he comes. I have not time to speak to him. Say I am with the ladies. [*Exit.*

Fior. With the ladies! He is unusually gay. Perhaps his affairs have taken a lucky turn.

SCENE XIV.—*Enter the* MARQUIS.

Marq. Well, the coachman—— A rascal!—Returned yet?

Fior. The coachman is not to blame, Signor.

Marq. How so? I am—— Good, good, excellent!—All gone out.

Fior. Who, Signor?

Marq. My daughter, and—— What did the dog say? So soon—Zounds!

Fior. You should not be angry, Signor. I met him loaded like a porter: his horses hungry, and not fed, he went to buy corn.

Marq. How?—Very fine—The Count——The stables——

Fior. Oh yes: none can be finer; but without a single oat, nor dare the coachman buy any, without an express order from his master. Oh the miser!

Marq. Who? Who? Good, good, excellent! A miser!

Fior. There is not such another on earth.

Marq. Who, I say? Blockhead! Fool! The Count—a man! —Go, go, numscull!

Fior. Every body I have spoken with in the house, and out of the house, servants, tradesmen, or neighbours, all say the

same. Nay, **Frontino**, his chief favourite, can stay with him no longer.

Marq. How! Know—— He refused me his coach.

Fior. From avarice. He walks, for fear of laming his horses.

Marq. A hundred thousand livres in diamonds!

Fior. Yes; the jewels he has showed to his bride——

Marq. Well?

Fior. And which he will never pay for. Frontino told me they were not bought, but borrowed.

Marq. Borrowed! Damn! Good, good, excellent!—A concealed miser—Hypocrite! Damn, damn! A fellow—odious—despicable—My daughter? Oaf! Sup with him?—Great feast—No oats for the horses—Go and see the poor beasts.

Fior. Not that way, Signor. The stables are in the other court.

Marq. Double court—No corn—Great palace—No oats for his horses? [*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*The* COUNT *and* FRONTINO.

Count.

MAKE haste! Place and light those candles, that there may be a splendid illumination!

Front. But I want help, Signor.

Count. Pshaw! Thy activity and talents, Frontino, are quite sufficient.

Front. (*aside*) So much for compliments.

Count. I am vexed at again not finding the Marchioness and her aunt at home. Surely they will come to supper? See how the candles waste; shut the doors and windows.

Front. The evening is so warm!

Count. No matter; do as I bid you.

Front. (*aside*) He has odd modes of saving.

Count. I feel myself quite animated. The supper grand! The illumination grand! The—— Some of my guests, and those not mean ones, will acknowledge and do justice to my dessert. I grant the expence is great, but expence, once properly incurred, will long serve. (*to* Frontino) Should any one ask for me, I am here with the Marquis. (*to himself*) Let me but finish affairs with him, and the difficulty with his daughter will be but little.

SCENE II.—FRONTINO, *and then* FIORILLO.

Front. (*calls*) Fiorillo!
Fior. (*entering*) Here am I. What do you want?
Front. (*giving him a light*) Help me to light the candles.
Fior. Willingly. (*both lighting and speaking fast.*)
Front. Gently! Gently! Mind how you turn that chandelier; the candles are only short bits fastened on coloured sticks.
Fior. Do not fear. I hope we shall sup together?
Front. Should any thing be left. The dishes are large; the contents small.
Fior. We shall have a bottle at least?
Front. Zounds! If we have, I must pay for it.
Fior. Among so many, how can one be missed?
Front. I will tell you. The Count has a bag with a certain number of pellets; one of which he puts in a different bag as the bottles are emptied.
Fior. Oh, the devil!
Front. (*seeing the* Count *return*) Hush!

SCENE III.—*Enter the* COUNT.

Count. (*angry and aside*) Might this be expected? A man of my rank and riches? Rudeness so great! Contempt so visible! Tell me his daughter is not for me! Will not come to supper, and then to sneer and laugh at me! He too! So weak and foolish! Talk of nothing but oats; a reiteration of oats, oats! (*to* Fiorillo *haughtily*) Your master wants you. Go!
Fior. I have had the honor to help my comrade, Signor.
Count. Have the complaisance now to help yourself, and be gone. [*Exit* Fiorillo.

SCENE IV.—*The* COUNT *and* FRONTINO.

Front. (*aside*) We shall have bad weather; there is something new in the wind.
Count. (*to himself*) What a blockhead was I! Absurd design! Is not money worth more than ruined antiquity? Oh yes! I will marry the captious beauty; marry her in despite of her and of myself. No more attentions; no more respectfulness; no more complaisance for any one. (*to* Frontino) Put out the lights.
Front. Put them out, Signor?
Count. Do as you are bid! Make haste!
Front. Very pretty! (*begins to extinguish.*)
Count. (*aside*) Deceive me! Laugh at me! Once more for Madam Araminta. (*to* Frontino) Will you never have done? (*puts out some candles with his hat.*)

Front. But the supper? Every thing is ready.
Count. How many dishes?
Front. I have brought out all the silver, as you ordered; and, large and small, though most of the last, there will be forty.
Count. (*putting out a candle*) They will serve forty days.
Front. But, Signor——
Count. Silence babbler! (*puts out the last, and they are in the dark.*)
Front. So, here we are, and here we may stay.
Count. Why did you put out the last candle?
Front. I do not think it was I, Signor.
Count. Go for a light
Front. Nay, but how to find the door.
Count. Stop! Stop! I hear somebody.

SCENE V.—*The Stage dark: Enter* FIORILLO.

Fior. What can this mean? All in total darkness! Perhaps there will be no supper?
Front. (*aside to the* Count) I think it is Fiorillo.
Count. (*softly, and holding* Frontino *by the arm*) Stay where you are, and speak as if I were gone. (*aside*) I may make some discovery.
Fior. (*stumbling on* Frontino) Who is there?
Front. 'Tis I.
Fior. Frontino! Why have you put out the lights?
Front. Because—because it was too early.
Fior. 'Sblood! Your master is a miser indeed.
Front. How? Jackanapes! My master a miser!
Fior. Why you told me so yourself.
Count. Ah, rascal! (*shaking* Frontino.)
Front. Oh the liar! I capable of——
Fior. Hold your tongue, and patiently hear. I have thought of a way by which you may crib a bottle of wine, in spite of the pellets.
Front. Vile cheat! What are you talking about?
Fior. Really, my dear Frontino, you are no longer the same. Change thus in a minute! You speak as if your master were here.
Front. I speak as I have always spoken. I love my master, obey my master, respect my master, and—and—he's a generous gentleman.
Count. (*shaking him with great anger*) Scoundrel!
Fior. And all you have said of his avarice is false?
Count. Villain! (*shaking* Frontino *till he falls.*)
Fior. What now? Where are you? What has fallen?
[*Exit the* Count, *feeling till he finds the door.*

SCENE VI.—FRONTINO *and* FIORILLO, *then the* COUNT.

Front. (*aside*) The devil take you! (*feeling about*) Where are you, Signor?

Fior. Who are you talking to?

Front. Signor, where are you?

Fior. Hey day! You have taken a cup already, my friend.

Front. Ah! Ah! Here he comes. God help my poor back.

Count. (*entering with a candle, speaks softly*) Traitor! Dog! (*aloud*) Hark you, Frontino!

Front. (*afraid*) Ye—ye—yes!

Count. (*aside*) If we were alone! (*aloud*) Go and tell Madam Araminta I wish to speak to her, either in her cabinet or my own.

Front. Yes, Signor. (*aside*) I will not trust his looks. (*to the* Count) Do not think——

Count. (*disdainfully*) Deliver your message.

Front. (*aside*) I see how it is. You must pack off, my friend Frontino. [*Exit.*

SCENE VII.—*The* COUNT *and* FIORILLO.

Fior. You have a faithful servant there, Signor.

Count. You do not know him, friend. An ungrateful fellow, to whom I have been kind and generous in vain. A professed liar! I discovered him, gave him warning; and, to revenge himself, the rascal speaks ill of me. (*going with the light he brought.*)

Fior. Excuse me; this room is dark: permit me to light another candle.

Count. Certainly. I can't tell why they were all put out.

Fior. Frontino is a good servant, and knows how to manage.

Count. (*aside*) . The hound! I would send him to the devil if I could find a servant for as little wages. [*Exit.*

SCENE VIII.—FIORILLO, *then the* MARQUIS.

Fior. If I had not got this light, here I might have stayed.

Marq. (*entering*) I should like to know——? (*to* Fiorillo) Did you not say——? Tell him to come here.

Fior. Who, Signor?

Marq. My son.

Fior. Yes. (*aside*) He is not always to be understood. (*aloud*) First suffer me to light a candle.

Marq. Another—I love—— Good, good, excellent! See clear. (*lights a third himself.*)

Fior. Some one may come to put them out.

Marq. Out! Who?
Fior. (*laughing*) The illustrious Count! [*Exit.*
Marq. True!—The oats.

SCENE IX.—*Enter* ARAMINTA.

Aram. (*speaking as she enters*) He is in his cabinet. Marquis, your obedient——
Marq. Humble servant—All well? All well?
Aram. As you see.
Marq. Good, good, excellent! I wished to—— My son will tell you.
Aram. Your son, my daughter, and Dorimene, have so stunned and tormented me that I can hear no more.
Marq. If so, Madam—But—you know me—I have not—Very true; but—my property—my estates—Forest, lordship, brooks, waters—High lands, low—Pasture, arable—A barony. Good, good, excellent! Two millions of livres!
Aram. What matter your millions? My husband made a fortune from nothing: you, with millions, are ruined! He took care of his own affairs; I managed the house. But permit me to say, Signor Marquis, in your family all has been disorder.
Marq. The Marchioness, Heaven bless her!—Piquet, basset—Poor woman! Always lost. For my part—the chace—good hounds—fine horses—Then—my son—Good, good, excellent! Oh, a brave boy!—Some day or other—our estates—Ay, ay.
Aram. Had I the management of them, they would soon free themselves.
Marq. Good, good, excellent! Take—act—give 'em up—Oh, with all my heart!
Aram. Surely you do not imagine, Signor Marquis, it becomes me to be an agent?
Marq. Did not say so. You are yet—Your cheeks fresh—I—Not old—Understand me.
Aram. You are jesting.
Marq. Jest when I——? Good, good, excellent!
Aram. I have no intention to marry; and, if I had, it would not be vain titles, but happiness, that I should seek.
Marq. Right—if you—no one interfere—Mistress of every thing—carte blanche. Good, good, excellent!
Aram. Carte blanche?
Marq. Without restriction.

SCENE X.—*Enter the* CHEVALIER.

Chev. My father sent for me.
Marq. You see, Madam! Only son—Good youth.
Aram. I know it, and know his merit.

Chev. Ah, Madam! (*to the* Marquis) Did you, Sir, know the kindness, the liberality, with which this lady overwhelmed me, how would you be surprised!

Marq. All is concluded. Eleonora—thine. (*overjoyed.*)

Aram. Not too fast, Signor Marquis: I have told you how tenderly I love her, and that I will not risk either her happiness or her fortune.

Marq. But—Speak boy—Our affairs—— Good, good, excellent! Speak the truth; this lady may—— As for me—here I am—My heart, my hand, carte blanche.

Chev. To which, dear father, I willingly subscribe. I leave every thing to your discretion. (*flying to the side scene*) Approach, dear Eleonora; conquer your fears; join your prayers to ours, and move the heart of a mother, who doubts only through delicacy.

[*Enter* Eleonora, *and* Dorimene, *who remains in the back-ground.*

Eleon. (*falling at her mother's feet*) Oh, my mother! You know my heart, and how religiously I have always obeyed your commands. You would unite me to a man whom I can never love: virtuous affection has taken possession of my soul. I ought to have told you, but fear and respect forbade me; yet my feelings, however ardent, I was determined should be sacrificed to obedience to that affection which I have ever felt for you, and that tender attachment in which I have been educated. Ah, do not force me to a marriage I detest, and which will render me the most disconsolate and wretched woman on earth.

Aram. (*aside*) Poor child! Did she know my heart!

Marq. (*wiping his eyes*) Now—if—— Good, good, excellent!

Aram. Be it so on one condition. The carte blanche—

Marq. (*presenting his hand*) Sign it—Pray accept——

Aram. Your hand?

Eleon. My dear mother, your superintending prudence and goodness will secure our felicity.

Chev. Oh yes. Your orders shall be respected; your example the rule for our conduct; your advice our guide.

Aram. (*aside*) My child! My child!

Marq. (*still tenderly presenting his hand*) Madam!

Aram. (*cheerfully*) Signor Marquis—I am yours.

Marq. And I—— Good, good, excellent!

Dor. (*coming forward*) Permit me, ladies and gentlemen, to say I have thus far been silent, being desirous to promote this young lady's happiness: but I think you will remember my brother ought to be, in some degree, consulted in this affair.

Eleon. Heavens! What say you, Madam?

Aram. My daughter should have been his, had he been less pompous.

Marq. And my daughter—But—a miser.

Eleon. (*sees the* Count *coming*) Oh, my mother!

Marq. Fear nothing—I'll speak——Know how—hear me fully—Good, good, excellent!

SCENE XI.—*Enter the* COUNT, *and afterward* FRONTINO.

Count. (*aside*) She is here; now is the time to oblige her to determine. (*to* Araminta.) I sent a request, Madam——

Aram. I was coming, but was stopt by the Marquis.

Marq. Yes, Signor Count, I have to inform you——

Count. Pardon me, Signor: I have business with this lady. (*to* Araminta.) The notary will soon be here, and we must sign the contract.

Aram. And do you still persist to claim my daughter? Have you not renounced her?

Count. No, Signora. My design, of which my sister may have informed you, was to propose conditions honorable to all parties; but these the Marquis disapproves.

Marq. Hear me speak. You required——if you had—— Why not? But oblige me so far—Good, good, excellent! No anger—A hundred thousand livres, diamonds, and—Oats—Oats!

Count. Why do you thus reiterate oats? I cannot comprehend you; can you, ladies?

Dor. (*to the* Count) Your coachman, brother, may have refused—

Count. (*to the* Marquis) How! Have your horses not been fed? If so, am I responsible for my coachman's error? Must I be thought a miser—I—(*aside*) My servants have babbled, and I shall lose my reputation,

Front. (*entering to the* Count) Persons without are asking for you, Signor.

Count. (*aside*) My supper guests perhaps: the moment is favorable to the support of my honor. (*aloud*) Is the notary among them?

Front. Yes. Signor.

Count. Bid him come in. Show the other persons into the billiard-room. Let the house be illuminated and the supper served. [*Exit* Frontino.

Marq. Good, good, excellent!

SCENE—*The Last.*

Enter the NOTARY, *the* JEWELLER, GIACINTO, *and Others.*

Count. (*to the* Notary) Signor, please to read the contract, that it may be signed. So, Signor Giacinto, you have disco-

vered that my bride is better, and that the supper will take place.

Giac. No, Signor, I have made no such discovery. But I have discovered some literary gentlemen, who, since I am not enabled to print my comedy and your genealogy, will publish the genealogy at their own expence, with all necessary and some remarkable annotations.

Count. (*enraged*) I comprehend him. (*dissembling*) Have you the genealogy in your pocket?

Giac. Here it is, Signor.

Count. (*receiving and concealing the MS.*) Signor—I have a proper esteem for talents——they have ever been encouraged and recompensed by me. (*aside*) A mercenary scoundrel! (*whispers* Giacinto) Accept these five and twenty *Louis*, and let me hear no more. (*tears the paper.*) [*Exit* Giacinto.

Aram. (*aside*) What a man! He would quickly have scattered my daughter's fortune.

Count. (*to the Notary*) Once more, the contract.

Jew. (*advancing with a bow*) Signor Count.

Count. How now! What do *you* want.

Jew. Permission to speak.

Count. (*softly to the* Jeweller) I desired you to come in a week.

Jew. 'Tis true. But hearing you are this evening to be affianced, permit me to observe that, after my jewels have been seen——

Count. Ay, ay. (*vexed and aside*) The rascal knows what he is about. (*privately returns the jewels and angrily whispers*) Here, take your diamonds, and trouble me no more.

[*Exit* Jeweller.

Front. (*entering*) The supper is ready: must it be served?

Count. Wait till I call you. Once more, the contract: with your leave, Madam, we will read it that it may be signed.

Aram. Signor, while I was a widow the power was my own, but now I am once more married.

Count. Married! Who is your husband, Madam?

Marq. Good, good, excellent!—Yes, Signor, 'tis I.

Count. (*aside*) Here's a blow! Oh, all hopes are gone! (*aloud*) Then Eleonora——

Aram. I love my daughter too much to willingly part with her: once to-day you have refused her hand, which I shall now give to——

Marq. Good, good, excellent!—To my son.

Count. (*to* Dorimene *indignantly*) I am derided, sister, disdained.

Dor. I warned you, brother, yet you would persist. Be prudent: you are in the presence of many people; do not risk your reputation.

Count. (*aside*) Very true. Suffer what I will, I must dis-

semble. (*aloud*) You're happily come, ladies and gentlemen, to witness to the signing of a contract between—the——the Chevalier del Bosco and this young lady. (*aside*) My tongue is parched: I have not the power to proceed. (*aloud*) The honor of contributing to this—ceremony—is mine. (*aside*) Oh, that the house were on fire! (*aloud*) Let us walk into the library till the supper is ready.

Aram. Ay, ay, Ostentation to the last.

Marq. Avarice! Avarice! [*Exeunt omnes.*

THE END.

REMARKS.

THE foregoing piece contains a fund of comic humour, which gives great pleasure to the accurate observer of the human heart; but the humour it displays is seldom of that bold nature to which our theatres give the loudest applause. The characters are well imagined, but not strongly drawn; and they are so contrasted as to relieve each other. The vices of avarice and ostentation, existing in the same person, are frequently seen in society; but they rather assume a littleness of manner, by tempering each other, than acquire those decided and broad features, which at one moment excite great laughter, and at another not less surprise. To represent a man whose usual manners are those of a gentleman, but at times those of extravagant ostentation, combined with equally extravagant avarice, is no easy task either for an author or a performer. Araminta is opposed to the Count so as to produce, in a certain degree, the ridiculous parts of both characters: but her rigid adherence to economy is so nearly allied to sound understanding, that it is difficult to give it an air of caricature, and not to injure common sense and morality. The Marquis del Bosco, whose mind is in a continual state of clear confusion, that is of perfectly understanding itself without the faculty or ability to make itself understood, being too much in a hurry ever to finish a sentence, is a faithful transcript of what is often seen. It also conveys a fine moral truth, to which GOLDONI does not sufficiently advert: that is, that confusion is the sure parent of misfortune. The affairs of the Marquis are in the most disorderly and ruinous state: the poet seemed, rather intuitively than positively, to know that so the affairs of a

man, whose understanding was of this kind, must be. The generosity of Araminta to the Chevalier by no means subtracts from the humor (which might easily be made more prominent) that rises out of her habits of thinking and acting. It may not be improper to observe that all the plays which have appeared, or are likely to appear, in this work, may afford, not only excellent hints, but, materials more than half formed for dramatic writers. As the numbers increase, they will contain an increasing fund of intellectual wealth, lying at the free disposal of literary talent.

DRAMATIC BIOGRAPHY.

ABSTRACT OF THE LIFE OF GOLDONI.

THIS author has himself written his life, in three small octavo volumes, which are prefixed to his works: at least to the edition printed at Venice, in 1788. That city gave him birth, in the year 1707: his father (a physician) and mother both inherited small fortunes; but the fortune of the father had been greatly impaired, and that of his mother and aunt lay chiefly at Venice. His parents were great lovers of theatrical exhibitions, and particularly his grandfather, who had comedies and operas performed in his house, and actors, singers, and musicians, as his frequent guests. Children always imitate that which most amuses them, and that which they most frequently see. Goldoni, speaking of himself, says—"Among the comic "authors, whose works I continually read, I preferred those "of Cicognini." This Florentine, little known in the Republic of Letters, wrote many comedies, of much intrigue, intermingled with weeping pathos, and trivial humor*: but they were very interesting; he having the art to excite suspense, and give pleasure by the denouement. To him, therefore, I

* *Miste di patetico lagrimoso, e di comico-triviale.*

" was greatly attached, and studied him so much that, when " eight years old, I had the temerity to draw the sketch of a co- " medy. My governess thought it very fine, my aunt jeered " me, my mother reproved but at the same time kissed me, " and my preceptor affirmed that it contained wit and common " sense too great to have been hoped from such a child. As " for my godfather, who had more gold than understanding, " he would never believe the work to be mine, but affirmed it " had been revised and corrected by my preceptor.

" The dispute on this subject became too warm, but was " luckily interrupted by a third person, who was the Abbate " Valle of Bergamo, a friend of the family, who had seen me " working at my comedy, and had witnessed my flights and " fancies. I had prayed him not to mention it. He silenced " the disputants, and did me justice."

Goldoni says that, in the edition of his works printed by Pasquali, he had cited the name of the Abbate Valle, who was still living in the year 1770, in proof of this fact; thinking he might have more friends and relations, by whom it would not be believed. He further tells us this comedy, or rather this puerile attempt, was read by all the society who visited his mother.

After receiving a good education, Goldoni was induced by his parents to study the law: but, previous to this, Goldoni gives some anecdotes of himself that deserve to be known.

In the Pope's dominions, women are not suffered to appear on the stage; and he had a principal woman's part given him to perform with the prologue to speak. " This prologue was " of so singular a kind," says Goldoni, " that I have never for- " gotten it: literature had become so corrupt that poetry and " prose were alike subject to bombast: metaphor, hyperbole, " and antithesis, held the place of common sense. This bad " taste existed as late as the year 1720: the following is the " manner in which I had to address my auditors—' Oh, most ' benignant Heaven, from the rays of your resplendent sun, ' you behold us, butterflies, who, on the feeble wings of our ' conception, take flight toward so beautiful a luminary.' He

adds, "this fine prologue produced a shower of comfits, with "which the theatre was inundated, and I almost blinded; such "being the common manner of giving applause in the states "of the Pope."

Being at *Rimini*, where he was under the care of the professor *Candini*, Goldoni relates the manner in which he became acquainted with a company of comedians. Their season at Rimini was nearly over, and the Director, or Manager, informed him they were soon to remove to *Chiozza*, where they were to play a few days; and that they should afterward go to Venice. "To Chiozza!" exclaimed Goldoni: "my mother, whom I "long to see, is at Chiozza." Hearing this, the comedians all loudly called come! come with us, on board of our bark! You shall be well received and pay nothing; excepting by helping us to joke, laugh, and sing. "Such an invitation," adds Goldoni, "could not be refused. The day came, the co-"medians were ready, and, when they saw me, they began to "cry Goldoni! Goldoni! Thus laughing, feasting, and caressing "me, the sails were set, and farewel to Rimini."

Of the pleasures of this little voyage he gives an animated picture. On the fourth day, they arrived at Chiozza; and, being fearful he had acted rashly, he entreated the Manager to accompany him to his mother. Being at her house, they entered, and Goldoni remained in an an anti-chamber, while the manager went and spoke to his mother. Signora, said he, I come from Rimini, and bring news of your son—Indeed? How does he do?—In perfect health—Is he happy?—So so, Signora—What is the matter?—He longs to see his dear mother—Poor boy! I wish he were here! (I, says Goldoni, stood listening with a beating heart)—I offered to bring him here—And why did not he come, Signor?—Should you be glad to see him?—No doubt!—But his studies?—He may return to them: beside, masters are every where to be procured—Then the sight of him would make you happy?—Beyond expression!—Behold him, Signora!

"Saying this, he opened the door; I ran into my mother's arms, "and while she kissed me tears would not suffer her to speak,

"This was a theatrical scene, to which the stage director was "accustomed."

During the progress of his studies, Goldoni relates various adventures, interesting scenes, and critical situaations, from which he sometimes escaped with difficulty. He was several times in danger from artful women, had once determined to become a Capuchin friar, was stimulated by his parents and friends to study the law, and enjoyed places of some diplomatic importance. The theatre excepted, the law appears to have been his most serious study; and, through the chief part of life, he bore the appellation of the Advocate Goldoni. His first and reigning inclination finally prevailed, and he devoted himself so entirely to the stage that the number of his dramatic works, in the edition of Venice already cited, is almost incredible. Tragedies and comedies in verse, comedies in prose, musical operas, farces, after-pieces, and interludes, amounting to little less than two hundred *, beside those which it seems have never yet been printed, prove the fecundity of his mind, and the prodigious facility with which he wrote.

His chief labors were for the theatres at Venice: he excelled in the Venetian dialect, but, being ambitious to write pure Tuscan, he made many efforts to attain purity; and wrote many comedies to prove it attained, by the reading of which a foreigner, at least, is satisfied they were not written in vain. But, on purity of diction, it very rarely happens that a foreigner can give a just opinion.

In the early part of life, he visited most of the chief cities of Italy, and, while he attentively studied men and manners, could not fail to highly profit by these excursions. After the numerous pieces he had given to the Italian Theatres, and particularly to those of Venice, he was pressingly invited, in the year 1760, to make a journey to Paris; for which city he

* It may be more: they are in forty-four volumes; and each volume, when the pieces are of a regular kind, usually contains four: but in some the number is increased. Those which Goldoni calls tragedies are some, if not all of them, a species of heroic drama.

departed, in April 1761, being greatly excited by curiosity, yet deeply regretting to quit the place at which he had gained so much fame. There was a company of Italian players, at Paris, who were desirous of better success, and who imagined it would be secured by the name and talents of Goldoni. It afterward, however, appeared that these hopes were not fully answered; but it also appears that the fault was not with the poet: it rather lay with the public, who could not be expected to understand or enjoy comedies written in a foreign language, equal to those which were nightly before them, in their native tongue.

The genius of Goldoni, though repulsed, was not subdued; for, while in Paris, he wrote a charming little comedy in French, called *Le Bourreau Bienfaisant*, which not only gave infinite pleasure on its first appearance, but which still keeps and will long continue to keep its due rank upon the stage. To write a highly successful comedy in a foreign language affords an undeniable proof of superior powers of mind.

A man like Goldoni could not fail to find protectors among the great, at Paris, where people of rank had long made it one source of gratification to notice and promote the interests of men, whose literary abilities were in high esteem: he was recommended to the royal family, and many years remained preceptor in the Italian language to some of the princesses. I believe he never again revisited his native country; but of this I do not speak with certainty; nor have I any document before me of the year in which he died. In the last chapter of his Memoirs, however, he says, "Behold me arrived at the year "1787, and the eightieth of my age." In the same chapter he tells us that, having been lately ill, Count Alfieri* paid him a visit; and adds that Sophocles and Euripides were the models of this great poet. Of his own comedies he says—"the appli-"cation which I gave to the writing of them was that which "nature inspired." In the preceding sentence he had indeed said—"I am much more indebted to nature than to study †."

---

* Of whose life an abstract was given in the preceding number.

† If any correspondent will kindly indicate where documents of the death of Goldoni may be found, it will be esteemed a great favor.

BIOGRAPHICAL ABSTRACT

OF THE LIFE OF JOHN TOBIN, ESQ. AUTHOR OF THE NEW PLAY CALLED "THE HONEY MOON."

JOHN TOBIN was born, January 28th, 1770, at Salisbury. The maiden name of his mother was Elizabeth Webbe, a West Indian, and by her he was the third son of James Tobin, born in London, but an inhabitant of the island of Nevis. Quitting England for the West Indies, his parents sent him and his two elder brothers to the free-school of Southampton, where he remained seven years, and was afterward pupil to the reverend Mr. Lee of Bristol, in which city his father, returning from the Indies, embarked in a commercial partnership. Not having been bred to commerce, his father in early life had been devoted to the pursuit of the liberal arts, and the taste of the son was improved by residing in his father's house. His inclination, however, for the law, to which profession he was destined, was by no means increased. He was for a short period with a Mr. Gautier, who taught French at Bristol. In 1785, he was articled to an eminent solicitor of Lincoln's Inn.

After the death of that gentleman, he became a partner with three other clerks in the office; but, disagreements happening which ended in a chancery suit, he entered into a new firm with his friend Mr. Ange.

Finding his health decline, by the advice of his physicians he went, in 1803, and resided with a relation in Cornwall; but his disorder assuming the form of consumption, he was induced, in November 1804, at the earnest solicitation of his friends, to embark at Bristol for the West Indies, hoping benefit from a warmer climate. In the same ship was the wife of a valued friend, suffering under the same disease and buoyed up by the same hopes. Detained at Cork some days, the vessel sailed from that port on the 7th of December, and on that day he died. Contrary winds obliged the ship to return to the Cove of Cork, and he was attended to his grave by the friend who had accompanied him on this short voyage. Previous to

this disease, his health generally appeared good; but he was always of a spare habit, and, when a boy, indisposed to violent and muscular exercises. When at school he was quick in acquiring lessons, tranquil of disposition, and prone neither to give nor take offence. Delighting to indulge in reverie, his pursuits were of a peaceable and literary kind. On the banks of the Avon, near Salisbury, where he spent his holidays with his grandfather, he acquired a love of angling, to which he was ever afterward devoted; and his ardor for it was increased by the few opportunities in which it could be indulged. Averse to walking, unless when he had a strong motive, his hours were lost in thought, or in the creations of an active mind. Abstracted and constitutionally indolent, he was alike apt to forget forms and neglect pecuniary concerns; yet, having a high sense of moral duty, he never broke even trifling engagements. Of inflexible integrity himself, he detested selfishness, and carefully avoided men of hollow principles, however bland their manners, or brilliant their accomplishments. By taking a part in school performances, and visiting the theatre at Southampton, he acquired a taste for the drama, and his first piece was written before the year 1789. Constantly engaged after this period in dramatic compositions, they were offered to the theatres, but were all rejected except a comedy called The Pharo Table, which was accepted at Drury-lane, though never performed. On quiting London, he left the Honey Moon, the last piece he had finished, with his brother: they had resided ten years together, united by kindred feelings and similarity of sentiment and pursuit. To this brother, who had so often been his unsuccessful negociator at the theatres, he committed the care of bringing the piece on the stage, having received a promise from the manager that it should be performed.

For a mind like his, the court of Chancery had few charms; nor did he follow his profession with that zeal which can this way acquire wealth and fame; but he loved independence, had a just sense of duty, and was punctual, while in health, in attending at the office. His mind indeed might be absent, and when he left the place he ceased to think of such business.

The Pharo Table was chiefly written in bed, during illness, in the year 1795; and his other pieces, between the hours of nine and twelve, after his return from Lincoln's Inn. He frequently composed while walking the streets, and especially songs, which he usually committed to writing when he came home. Animated by society and enjoying rational conversation, yet, as solitude never displeased him, he did not anxiously seek company; though always happy to see a few valued friends, their absence was never perceptible. Unruffled by the accidents of life, possessed of fortitude not easily shaken, and with a mind never unemployed, he was subject to no fits of weariness. "He was altogether the happiest man I ever knew *." Though the progress of the disease alarmed him, he contemplated death without fear or superstition. Hope and fancy pictured to him his future success on the stage, while his bodily powers were wasting and his energies daily on the decline. "He died without a groan." While at Falmouth, he revised some of his works, and wrote notes on Shakspeare, intending to contribute to a new edition of our immortal bard. Two of his unfinished plays it was his intention to complete in the West Indies. A constant reader of Beaumont and Fletcher, and the writers of that age, he was no less an admirer of Farquar and some of his contemporaries. He also read some Spanish comedies, but found little to admire except the ingenuity of their plots. Genuine comedy he supposed might yet find support from the public, and a better taste be revived, notwithstanding the mercenary motives by which it continues to be depraved. Deeply sensible of the moral influence of the drama, he scorned to flatter the base prejudices or the sickly imaginations of the great vulgar or the small.

---

* These are his brother's words.

PIECES

FIRST PERFORMED IN JANUARY AND FEBRUARY 1805.

THE HONEY MOON:

A COMEDY, IN FIVE ACTS, BY THE LATE JOHN TOBIN, ESQ.

THIS Comedy appeared at the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane, on the 31st of January, where it was highly and deservedly applauded. It may be said to form an epocha in the annals of the drama, by being a modern attempt to revive the manner of writing which prevailed in the sixteenth century. In his plan the author has totally, and, were but common sense our guide, justly disregarded the vaunted unities of time and place; but, for the greater perfection of his piece, he neglected, that which ought to be sacredly observed in dramatic composition, the unity of action, as it has been named by critics, but which would be more intelligible to young students were it rigidly inculcated as the unity of fable. By this it is understood that there should be but one story, and that every character introduced in a piece should concur in promoting one grand design.

Against this rule also the author has egregiously erred. Instead of one, there are three stories, and as many designs: a design to make a lively coquet play on the feelings of her lover; a design to ridicule and subdue a woman-hater; and a design to correct the haughty and angry temper of a termagant.

This last is the principal design; and in the manner of executing it, the appropriate nature and pleasantry of the sentiments, and the flowing and frequently poetical diction of the author, the sterling merit of the play consists. The plan of the fable is so far from new that it appears to be an absolute imitation of Shakspeare, not only in the characters of the Duke and Juliana, who are literally Catherine and Petruchio drawn in a different point of view, but of Zamora, who is as truly a transcript of Viola in Twelfth Night. In the management of the principal plan, when the scene changes from the palace to

the cottage, we are no less forcibly reminded of Rule a Wife and have a Wife, by Beaumont and Fletcher. The imitations, through the whole play, of the authors of that age are too numerous to be cited; but they are frequently so happily made, and often executed with such an air of originality, that, instead of being blemishes, they seem to stamp a sterling merit, and to purify the dramatic gold that had so long and so basely been alloyed.

The Honey Moon possesses another antique novelty: it is chiefly written in blank verse, but interspersed with scraps of prose, which an attentive reader is apt to suspect the author at first intended to versify. He has managed this peculiarity with so great a knowledge, of the blank verse which is proper for the stage, that it possesses so much ease and fluency as not to be perceptible as verse, except to delicate and critical auditors.

Of the execution of the three designs it may be said, that the manner of taming the shrew, which is the chief, gratifies while it delights; that the ridicule thrown on the woman-hater, which the author appears to have intended to make no less effective, is sometimes insipid, and in a place or two offensive; and that the sportiveness of the coquet, in the third plan, is a relief to the moroseness of the shrew.

An incident is introduced in the beginning of the fourth act, of a hostess and an apothecary, who conspire to cheat Balthazar, the father of the three heroines, of his money, by giving him improper medicines after a fall from his horse, to detain him as a guest and patient; and of making him, after having listened to their scheme, oblige the apothecary to swallow his own drugs. This scene, all together, gave displeasure. Dramatic authors should remember that, to introduce an extravagant and almost farcical incident, unless it forcibly and naturally arises out of the subject, is always a very dangerous experiment.

As the poetry of the piece forms one of its striking beauties, to cite a few of the poetical passages may please the reader, or afford him an opportunity of judging should he differ in opi-

nion. In Act I. Rolando, the woman-hater, is seeking for a simile to a woman's tongue, and his companion asks him,

Count. Have you found it?
Rol. Humph! Not exactly. Something like a smoke-jack;
For it goes ever without winding up:
But that wears out in time—there fails the simile.
Next I bethought me of a water-mill;
But that stands still on Sundays: woman's tongue
Needs no reviving Sabbath. And beside,
A mill, to give it motion, waits for grist:
Now, whether she has aught to say or no,
A woman's tongue will go for exercise.
In short, I came to this conclusion:
Most earthly things have their similitudes,
But woman's tongue is yet incomparable.

In Act II. Scene III. Balthazar goes in search of his daughter, and the Count says,

I'll bear you company:
And as the traveller, perplex'd a while
In the benighted mazes of a forest,
Breaks on a champaign country, smooth and level,
And sees the sunshine glorious, so shall you, Sir,
Behold a bright close and a golden end
To this now dark adventure.

The following is a fine drawn picture of the follies in which the wealthy indulge: it is near the end of the second Act.

Who then, that has a taste for happiness,
Would live in a large mansion, only fit
To be a habitation for the winds;
Keep gilded ornaments for dust and spiders;
See ev'ry body, care for nobody; [*feeble*]
Lose the free use of limbs, by being mewed up
In a close carriage, next to being bed-rid,
As if, like mummies, we should fall to pieces
By taking air; and, above all, be pester'd
With those voracious vermin call'd attendants?

At the close of the third Act, the Duke gives the following beautiful picture:

> Thus modestly attir'd,
> A half-blown rose stuck in thy braided hair,
> With no more diamonds than those eyes are made of,
> No deeper rubies than compose thy lips,
> Nor pearls more precious than inhabit them,
> With the pure red and white which that same hand
> That blends the rainbow mingles in thy cheeks,
> This well-proportion'd form (think not I flatter)
> In graceful motion to harmonious sounds,
> And thy free tresses dancing in the wind,—
> Thou'lt fix as much observance, as chaste dames
> Can meet, without a blush.

Many more citations might be made, but the above are sufficient to show the poetical talent of the author.

It is unfortunate that the most pernicious moral is inculcated by this comedy, that of deceiving the mind into virtue, or of doing harm that good may be the result. The Duke, having married a shrew, descends to a continued course of deception, and, without any scruple, repeatedly tells direct falsehoods, that by these means he may reform his wife. The most clear and understanding moralists have maintained, that good ends are not to be produced by such means, and to induce men to make use of them is to administer poison to morality. It has too long been supposed, by dramatic writers, that the grossest falsehood on the stage was merely sport; it ought rather to be plainly made evident that, when falsehood is practised, the consequences are evil.

The three young ladies are all daughters of Balthazar, a painter, of whose great excellence in his art or renown not a word is said; how he came to have Captains, Counts, and Dukes for sons-in-law, and how the three ladies are each so exceedingly different in character from the two others, may be questionable, but likewise may easily be overlooked. Truth requires it to be said of this comedy, that its merits and defects

are each of them great, but that the merits are so uncommon that the defects are cheerfully pardoned.

The performers in general were happy in their parts; but Mr. Elliston and Miss Duncan have never perhaps been seen to greater advantage. Miss Mellon scarcely deserves less praise; and, though Miss De Camp did not gain so much applause, it was not from want of talent, but because the part of a love-sick virgin is but ill adapted to her sprightly and playful mind.

An account of the author, the late Mr. John Tobin, has already been given.

THE LADY OF THE ROCK:

A MELO-DRAME, IN TWO ACTS,

PERFORMED FEBRUARY 12, 1805, AT THE THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE.

AS the author of this Melo-Drame and the present work is avowedly the same, the account which can best be given in this place is perhaps contained in the advertisement prefixed to the piece itself, which is as follows:

" In a work of great literary utility, called the Annual Re-
" view, edited by Mr. Arthur Aikin, I happened accidentally
" to see an account there given of the Honorable Mrs. Mur
" ray's Guide to the Western Islands of Scotland; in which
" the subject and part of the story of the following Drama
" may be seen. She relates that one of the Macleans, of
" Duart, was married to a handsome and amiable, but, unhap-
" pily, a barren sister of Argyle; that, in those days, barren-
" ness was a high crime in a husband's eyes; that Maclean,
" being determined on her destruction, ordered ruffians to con-
" vey her secretly to a place now called the Lady's Rock,
" which stood nearly opposite to his castle, on a promontory
" in Mull; that she was seen by mariners, who saved and
" conveyed her to her brother, at Inverary; that her husband
" made a grand mock funeral, wrote disconsolate letters to her

" relations, and went in deep mourning to Inverary, to his " brother-in-law, lamenting, with every show of grief, the " irreparable loss he had sustained; that Argyle said little, " but sent for his sister, whose sudden appearance electrified " the husband; that, being a mild and amiable man, Argyle " took no revenge, except by commanding Maclean to depart " instantly, humanely advising him to avoid his brother, " Donald; and that Sir Donald Campbell afterward stabbed " Maclean, in a street at Edinburgh, when he was eighty " years of age.

" The Review observes—' This tale might be dramatized " with very powerful effect, by a skilful writer.'

" At first, I thought otherwise: an audience would not at " present listen to a husband, who should complain of the " crime of being barren; and the incidents, though highly " dramatic, were insulated, unconnected, and one of them, " that of exhibiting the distress of the Lady on the Rock, " appeared too difficult for stage scenery. This opinion I " afterward changed, and produced the piece which is now " before the public.

" In the play-bills, it is announced as a piece of three acts; " the reason of which is, the change of scene from the storm to " the mountains of Scotland requires time; and it was thought " much more advisable to make a pause, after the storm scene, " than to introduce dialogue that might prove either insipid " or irrelavent: as the utmost caution has been taken, in writ- " ing the piece, not to say a single word that should not aid in " giving effect to the story.

" I had originally drawn Dugald that which I thought and " still think the most natural, an unrelenting villain, who " made a last attempt to stab his brother, and expired uttering " curses; but perhaps it is a pleasure to find that hardened " villainy is so offensive, to public feeling, it could scarcely be " endured. On the first night, the death of Dugald put the " piece in some little danger. There was no difficulty in " making the change, as it is now printed.

" I intended to convey a public moral, and teach parents

" the vice of encouraging their children to be spies, when I " conceived and gave a sketch of a lovely little girl, innocently " betraying her mother, for whom she had the tenderest affec- " tion: but this likewise gave a slight degree of offence, and " I curtailed the part of the child: for dramatic authors must " not reason, but comply with the public feeling.

" Enough can scarcely be said in praise of Mr. Johnston, " the machinist of Drury Lane Theatre, by whose invention " such apparent reality and distress are given to the Rock " Scene. Expedients to suggest a storm have long been in " the possession of the Theatre, but no example was ever " before afforded of such agitation and terror excited by the " elements, and of water rising to overwhelm a rock that " appeared to defy their fury.

" To the ladies and gentlemen, who perform in the piece, " I sincerely return my cordial thanks: their exertions were " as friendly and as zealous as they have been successful. The " powers of different performers are and have always been " greater and less; but in their endeavours on this occasion " they were most amicably united."

TOO MANY COOKS:

A COMIC OPERA, IN TWO ACTS, BY MR. KENNY.

THIS Opera appeared at Covent Garden, on the same evening that the Lady of the Rock was brought forward at Drury Lane, but was not received with sufficient approbation to render it attractive, and was therefore withdrawn after the third night. The author alleges, with great justice, that, if a piece be written purposely for certain performers, and that, by any accident whatever, those performers do not accept the characters designed for them, his intentions are not executed. Mr. Kenny wished to have withdrawn the piece till circumstances should have been more favorable, but was persuaded to the contrary, though, when he yielded, he foresaw the consequences.

TO MARRY, OR NOT TO MARRY:

A COMEDY, OF FIVE ACTS, BY MRS. INCHBALD.

ON Saturday evening, February 16, this Piece appeared at the Theatre Royal, Covent Garden, and was received throughout with great applause, and with scarcely an audible mark of disapprobation. The title precisely expresses the tendency of the piece: the struggle of a man, with himself, concerning marriage. Sir Oswyn Mortland is a baronet and bachelor, some years turned of thirty, an orator in parliament, a man enamoured of literature and in habits of retirement, accustomed to reason on marriage, and consider it as a thing, good perhaps in itself, but, absurd for him, whose delight is in his library, and who feels an aversion to be interrupted by female activity, curiosity, or even affection; amiable of heart, but morose if intruded upon, as he shows when his uncle enters, and still more to his sister; and finally apt to be irritated at whatever disturbs him in his favorite reveries: such is the hero in whom the interest of the piece almost exclusively centers.

The thing intended to be proved, in the development of this character, is that recluse men have little regard for, because they have little intercourse with, women; and that they can love, even violently, when that kind of woman appears whose mien and manners do not offend their peculiarities.

To draw this character is by no means a new attempt upon the stage. The Epicene of Ben Jonson is of that class of comedy; but, still more directly, LOVE MAKES A MAN, or THE FOP'S FORTUNE, by Cibber; and *Le Philosophe marié*, by Nericault Destouches. Cibber had but imitated Beaumont and Fletcher: while Mrs. Inchbald has adapted the comedy of Destouches to the English stage, and, in the year 1789, gave it to be performed at the Theatre Royal, in the Haymarket, under the title of THE MARRIED MAN. These things are mentioned, not as derogatory, but, by way of opportunity to remark that it is absurd to criticize the want of novelty in a subject; the manner of treating it is what ought alone to be considered: for an

old subject is frequently so managed as to give it entirely a different face; better, or worse, as it may happen. Voltaire openly and expressly treated the subjects that had been forestalled by his great rival, Crebillon; and that were then actually before the public. For this some persons accused him of encouraging a spirit of jealousy: it was at least a spirit of emulation; and, as it proved, a conscious superiority.

To display the power of love, or, in more philosophical language, the predominant propensity that man and woman have to each other, Sir Oswyn is exhibited as of somewhat an imperious, resentful, and persecuting spirit, and, by persecution, as having made a mortal enemy of a Mr. Lavensforth, whom he had driven from England, reduced to many distresses, and implanted in his bosom a still higher degree of rancour.

Hester, the only child of this Mr. Lavensforth, is the heroine who ensnares Sir Oswyn's affections, subdues his habits and passions, and makes them all resolve into and even strengthen the passion of love. The simplicity of her appearance first attracts his notice; her orphan state, her want of protectors to rescue her from a marriage she hates, and the artless yet understanding manner in which she answers, first fix his attention, and give him feelings such as he had never before known. These are increased by various incidents, by which love is gradually augmented, till it becomes too powerful for any resistance.

His uncle, Lord Danberry, had extorted a promise from him that, since it was necessary he should have an heir to his estate, he would marry any woman of his recommending; and the uncle, foreseeing that he would yield, which foresight, be it remarked, Sir Oswyn's character considered, offends probability, had brought down Lady Susan Courtly for that very purpose. Lady Susan, on her part, is so determined to marry Sir Oswyn, that she is something like a dun who will take no denial.

Lavensforth returns to England, retires to a hermitage in the neighbourhood of Sir Oswyn, makes an implacable, and surely an offensive, vow to plant a dagger in his enemy's heart; and

that in the presence and hearing of a negro servant, who proposes to commit the murder himself, and save his master, and thus raises a kind of horrid suspense by rancour so black and villainous. He likewise dispatches a letter to his daughter, which she receives in the presence of Sir Oswyn, whose jealousy is excited, understanding that it comes from a man the name of whom she will not declare, although she must give him the meeting. Luckily, for an excuse to his inclinations, the night is dark, and he insists upon accompanying her till she shall be out of danger. He is shot on the road, and deeply wounded, as he supposes, by a highwayman, but, in reality, by the negro, who afterward tells his master he had discovered it was Sir Oswyn. Improbability likewise attaches itself to all the incidents of the negro. By this expedient, however, the denouement is artfully and finely effected. With revenge so implacable, it was difficult to foresee how the author could produce a reconciliation between Sir Oswyn and Lavensforth; but the latter, not recognizing the person of the baronet in a dark wood, there meets him wounded, administers every office of humanity with every expression of sympathy, binds up his wound, leads him into his hermitage, and consigns him to repose. It is then that he learns from his negro Sir Oswyn is in his power; and in the first moment his exultation is great, but at the next the thought of murdering a wounded man under his own roof shocks every sentiment of honor, and he resolves first to set him free.

Sir Oswyn comes from the hermitage, almost recovered, without time or medical aid, and Lavensforth declares himself and his purpose. Refusing to profit by his momentary clemency, the baronet draws the pistols he had taken with him to guard Hester, presents the choice of them to Lavensforth, and, by the dignity of his sentiments, the fortunate arrival of Hester, and the discovery that Sir Oswyn had been her protector, and was her lover, so entirely softens the odious hatred that had existed as to induce a frank and perfect reconciliation.

There is an elegant simplicity in the general plan and conduct of this comedy, which, could it have been entirely pre-

served, would have given it a very high value, but some of the frivolous circumstances attending Willowwear, Lady Susan, and other parts, are to the spectator, and must be to the reader, so many insipidities that divert the mind from the story, without the power of affording any adequate amusement; but, as they are not often intruded, Mrs. Inchbald no doubt had a latent consciousness of their true nature. There are many vapid follies which have not sufficient force to excite attention when noticed either in life or exhibited on the stage, and on these dramatic writers too frequently rest the success of their productions. Mrs. Inchbald has rather chosen to depend on the everlasting sources of passion, mingled with the no less everlasting sources of prejudice, from the due mixture of which all humor, wit, satire, and passion result. Sound judgment, a refined taste, and delicacy of feeling, have generally been her guides; for whose sake the deviations into which she has occasionally strayed, though they should not be overlooked, should freely be pardoned. Among dramatic authors, to make females court men, and declare, with very little reserve, the great inclination they have to be married, is a common practice. Is it not a common fault? In a pure state of morals it might be none; but while legal marriages shall continue necessary, for the preservation of society, as they most undoubedly are, while prejudices lead the imagination astray, and while decency and propriety of conduct are no less requisite to make women happy, than gentleness, faith, and affection, it is dangerously to mislead, and in any given case certain to injure them, should they be thus instructed to throw off at present all that reserve which their mothers once held as their indispensable and certain guardian. Mrs. Inchbald has not gone so far in this respect as others, but surely too far for prudence to be perfectly satisfied. To notice mistakes where there is so much merit, is a painful but a well intentioned task.

As an actor, it may be doubted whether Mr. Kemble was ever seen to greater advantage, if so great, as in the two first

acts of this comedy; though he had much excellence in many other parts, in these he was beyond praise: he must be seen for his merits to be understood. None of the works of man are perfect, and even in this highly finished picture of the character already described he had little faults: his greatest beauties were seen when he said nothing; yet some two or three times his pauses became rather too long; they by no means reached, but they somewhat approached, monotony. It might not be his fault, but the throwing away the newspaper after the book was also of that kind. A repetition of any little incident, however charming in its nature, must be varied; it then may become highly delightful. To well consider whether the character of Sir Oswyn cannot be made throughout equally, or perhaps increasingly, impressive, is a task worthy of Mr. Kemble.

Mrs. Inchbald ventured to take a bold step, and to introduce an entirely new performer as the heroine of her piece. The event has proved that she was highly justifiable in running this risk: never was there greater want within these thirty years, and perhaps longer, than there has been lately of that class of female performers, which Miss Shuttleworth is likely to become. Mrs. Jordan is a luminary of the first magnitude, but she could neither shine every where nor at all times, nor was she entirely of the class of which Miss Shuttleworth promises to be. The loss of Mrs. Pope [once Miss Young] Mrs. Abington, and Miss Farren, has been severely felt. In figure, Miss Shuttleworth has some resemblance to the last; and of articulation, theatrical talent, and intellect, she has given such charming proofs that public expectation is raised very high. Let circumstances be but favorable and it will probably be surpassed.

Mr. Munden, an actor of sterling merit, rendered Lord Danberry respectable, and no actor could do more.

Mrs. Davenport could only hope not to displease, and she was successful.

The characters performed by Mr. Farley and Mrs. Glover seem, at first, to have been intended as parts of high comedy;

but they are sunk in the general interest of the piece to persons of little significance.

Mr. Cooke gave a faithful and a strong picture of a man labouring under violent passions, contrasted with humane affections. Both he and Mr. Kemble gave dignity to parts which, however well conceived by the author, might have sunk in feebler hands. The dialect of his negro was not good, not characteristic, as delivered by Mr. Brunton; his faithfulness and contrition were better expressed.

ESSAY ON DRAMATIC COMPOSITION.

(*Continued from No.* II. *p.* 143.)

Of the Moral Nature of Plays.

BY plays is here understood all those theatrical productions, in which there is a prevailing tendency to be serious and declamatory, or tragical. Serious scenes may very properly find their place in comedy; but, when they overpower laughter, humorous incident, and comic character, the piece is properly classed among plays.

Moral utility may be greatly promoted by every species of dramatic writing; but the authors of plays have often improperly claimed a superiority as moral teachers. It has been strangely maintained, by all adversaries of the drama, and even by some of its friends, that, because comedy is employed to exhibit *folly*, and pourtray *vice*, it is the *friend* of folly and vice. Even had authors any such intention, this would only be possible in a relative and inferior degree. A relative and inferior degree of vice and folly, is taught in the temples built and consecrated to the essence of virtue! for, unless the understandings of men were so correct, as accurately to discriminate *where virtue ends*, and where vice and folly begin, to this evil, whoever may be the teacher, those who are instructed must submit. Whatever the place, and wherever seen, vice, when known,

is detested, and folly laughed at; and where with so hearty a good will, such branded shame, and such effectual contempt, as on the stage?

There is much laughter in life; and yet there are but few modes of exciting laughter. Some have maintained that the consciousness of superiority is its only source. Generally speaking, a thing laughed at is a thing despised; and who will intentionally imitate that which he despises? Where is there so incessant a fund of laughter to be found as the stage supplies? Or what writings contain, like a comedy, in so small a compass, so vast a volume of morality? Could the manual of Epictetus be sufficiently familiarized to the unlettered, admirable as it is, it might exhibit a less mixture of error, but would even then be of inferior force; for, by the thoughtless multitude, it must still be read as a task: while they will always resort to the playhouse as to a place of supreme pleasure. Even the sermon on the Mount, justly revered as it is by the most ignorant and the wise, perfectly comprehensible for the simplicity and truth of its precepts, and adored as an emanation from divinity, is yet seldom read, little remembered, and, when read, resorted to rather as an act of piety than a source of pleasure.

These considerations seem to decide in favor of the moral utility of comedy, over every other species of public exhibition: plays can only enjoy the third rank; for though they may partake of tragedy and comedy, as they cannot so often produce the moral effects of laughter, nor can to the full attain the dignified and elevated sentiments of tragedy, they must, as they generally are, be deemed inferior.

Of the Moral Nature of the Comic-Opera.

Whatever contributes to the happiness of man is of a moral nature: pleasure, therefore, of every kind, which has no decided tendency to produce future pain, is a good that deserves cultivation, in proportion to its magnitude.

Of the mental pleasures which society at large can enjoy,

literature and the fine arts claim an undoubted precedency. Few indeed are the people who do not derive pleasure from music; and, by the lower orders, music is seldom heard to such advantage as at the theatre. Their weariness is relieved, their passions are soothed, and their hearts are delighted, while they listen. It seems indeed astonishing to recollect that the legislature continues to narrow, and in part to interdict, such sources of innocent delight, and such means of moral instruction.

As in an opera much of the time of performance is devoted to music, and as likewise, in such productions, a strong portion of insipidity has always prevailed, their highest moral utility is still further lessened: when they are well written, however, this utility is not small; for, as music itself produces the effects already described, a just personification of the manners and follies of men may give such aid, to the part which is good, as to render the whole excellent.

Of the Moral Nature of Farce and Pantomime.

To people unaccustomed, perhaps, calmly and seriously to consider the tendency of the drama, to speak of the moral tendency of farce and pantomime, or even of comic opera, will at first excite derision. Unless, however, it can be denied that that which contributes to human happiness is good morality, it will be difficult to prove that the morality of such entertainments, and indeed of all moral affections whatever, is not either good or bad.

Any theatrical exhibition which deceives or misinforms is so far bad; if it amuses, without these bad effects, it is good in proportion as the amusement is great. Farces have few means of deceiving, except they induce a belief in any degree that vice is virtue. Such a belief may be induced in a variety of ways: youth, by hearing a character swear on the stage, may be taught to imitate what he hears, or by seeing any other vicious habit treated with humorous levity. It has already been remarked, that none of the actions of men are wholly pure; they have some mixture of good and evil, and the balance is in favor of that which predominates. In some of our

farces there has been much ribaldry; but it may be doubted if there be a single one in which, if it be dispassionately examined, the good does not greatly prevail. Hilarity is itself a good of a high kind, and to attract all orders of men to spend their evening in mental instead of sensual pleasures, is to morality an invaluable art. It would needlessly give disgust to recapitulate the vices into which the thoughtless multitude, great and small, are, when they are unemployed, too frequently seduced. The mind turns painfully from the scenes which the thought suggests.

In pantomimes there is too great an indulgence of objects of deception, and particularly of terror: because pantomimes are chiefly intended for children and youth, and because deception and terror never should be presented before children and youth, unless in the company of those sagacious instructors who can turn them to lessons of real information. Their utility may then be great; for to the young they are exceedingly amusing, and so far exceedingly good.

Every other species of entertainment may be arranged among the foregoing classes.

(To be continued.)

SOME ACCOUNT

OF THE RISE AND PROGRESS OF THE GERMAN STAGE.

(*Continued from No.* II. *p.* 147).

BRUCK appeared in comic parts while Eckhof was on the stage, and deserves to be ranked with the famous French actor Préville: he was long the delight of Germany.

But the art of these actors brought no theatrical reformation: instead of becoming the school and the censor of national manners, it remained in its infancy. Gellert was the first who felt this, and endeavoured to effect a change; Gellert, whose simplicity, gentleness, and worth, all Europe reveres, and whose

memory is ever dear to those to whom he has taught wisdom and virtue. His comedies are not masterpieces, nor do they announce a high dramatic genius; yet he far surpassed his contemporaries in purity of style, in naturally delineating the manners of Germany, and in never putting modesty to the blush, qualities at that time rarely found even in original pieces. *Die Betschwester*, or The Devotee, was his first comedy, and appeared in 1745, which piece drew on him many vexations: calumny was outrageous against this respectable man, though the purity of his intentions, and the candor of his character, were generally acknowledged. He gave his Tender Sisters* the same year, which was the first German piece of the drama species, and which possesses the defects and merits of his other works.

The year 1747 was memorable, for in that year the first comedy of Lessing appeared at Leipsic. Germany honors this great man as the first of her dramatic poets. His works, better than any words, will testify his merit, for they will ever remain the pride of the German theatre. The name of this piece was *Der Junge Gelehrte* [The young Student] and was represented by the company of Madame Neuber. Though it abounds in beauties, it is seldom played, perhaps because the character is too local, and pedantry is not a very interesting subject. About this time Schlegel, before mentioned, gave a collection of his dramatic works, which did not injure the favorable idea that had been conceived of his talents. In a word, this era may be regarded as the birth of good taste in Germany. After this, famous writers were often imitated, and the slow progress which the dramatic art has since made must be attributed to particular causes, particularly to the little encouragement talents meet, being dispersed through so vast a country divided among numerous princes, and not possessing a capital city, like London, or Paris, where merit may find its reward.

In 1749 Gellert published a collection of his comedies, among which *Das Loos in der Lotterie* [The Prize in the Lottery]

* See No. I. of this Work.

a comedy which well deserves to be named, the characters being original, and generally well supported.

Schlegel continued his theatrical labors, and, among others, gave Germany two pieces, which merit to preserve their place on the stage; Woman Triumphant, and the Dumb Beauty *.

Toward the end of her course, Madame Neuber found that fortune is no constant attendant on merit; the suffrages of all Germany and the honor of having contributed to reform bad taste could not preserve her from poverty. After suffering many misfortunes, she was obliged, in 1750, to renounce the stage. Continuing to languish, in extreme indigence, ten years longer, she died unknown, in 1762, at a small village near Dresden. Her name might have died with her, if that theatrical enthusiasm for the drama, which has since spread through Germany, had not induced some lovers of the art to raise a monument to her name on the borders of the Elbe, near the place where she expired.

About this time Koch established his theatre, which became famous by a succession of good actors, whose regular conduct procured them that esteem which is now generally felt in Germany for stage professors. Brückner and Madame Steinbrecher, both justly admired, were among the first that appeared: he as a principal tragedian and lover, and she in sentimental characters.

DRAMATIC ANECDOTES.

HAMLET excepted, it is doubtful whether any tragic character is more difficult, for an actor truly to personate, than Macbeth. The following is an abstract of the account, which Mr. Davies gives, in his Miscellanies of different actors in that part—Betterton is celebrated, in the Tattler, as being excellent

* The Editor not possessing this author's works, cannot indicate the German titles.

in Macbeth; but Cibber makes no particular mention of him in that character, which he acted to the very verge of life. Mills afterward obtained it of Wilkes; but he was heavy and dull. Quin was monotonous. Mossop wanted variety and ease. Barry had too much amenity for the terrible agonies of Macbeth. Garrick alone could comprehend and execute the complicated passions of this character: from the meeting of the witches to the last scene, he was animated and consistent: the impressions made upon his mind by those supernatural hags were at all times visible. Wilkes had improperly given the part to Mills, while Booth and Powel were doomed to the characters of Banquo and Lennox. One evening, a country Squire, being heartily tired with Mills, seeing his bottle companion, Powel, appear in the fourth act, loudly called—"For "God's sake, George, give me a speech and let me go home."

When Garrick was in Italy, he was requested, by the Duke of Parma, to give a proof of his skill in acting; on which, he instantly threw himself into the attitude of Macbeth seeing the dagger of air. The duke was perfectly convinced, by this single specimen, that Garrick was an absolute master of his art.

Of Garrick and Mrs. Pritchard, in Macbeth, Davies gives an animated picture. The commission of the murder was conducted in terrifying whispers: what they spoke was heard; but more was learned from the agitation of mind in their action, and deportment. The dark colouring given, to the short abrupt speeches, made the scene awfully tremendous. The wonderful expression of heart-felt horror, when he showed his bloody hands, only can be conceived by those who beheld him.

Mr. Davies justly remarks that, Shakspeare having produced his witches, Jonson, hoping to excel him, wrote his Mask of Queens. As far as his conduct was open and liberal, it was glorious in him to emulate, and endeavour to excel; but, to us, the task appears beyond human power. Jonson displayed much reading, and some poetry; but his scenes were labored, and bombastic. His witches were all differently attired; some

with rats on their heads, some on their shoulders; with ointment pots at their girdles, spindles, timbrels, rattles, and other instruments of witchery, making strange gesticulations, and a confused noise. The incantations of Shakspeare are awfully tremendous; those of other poets generally are ridiculous.

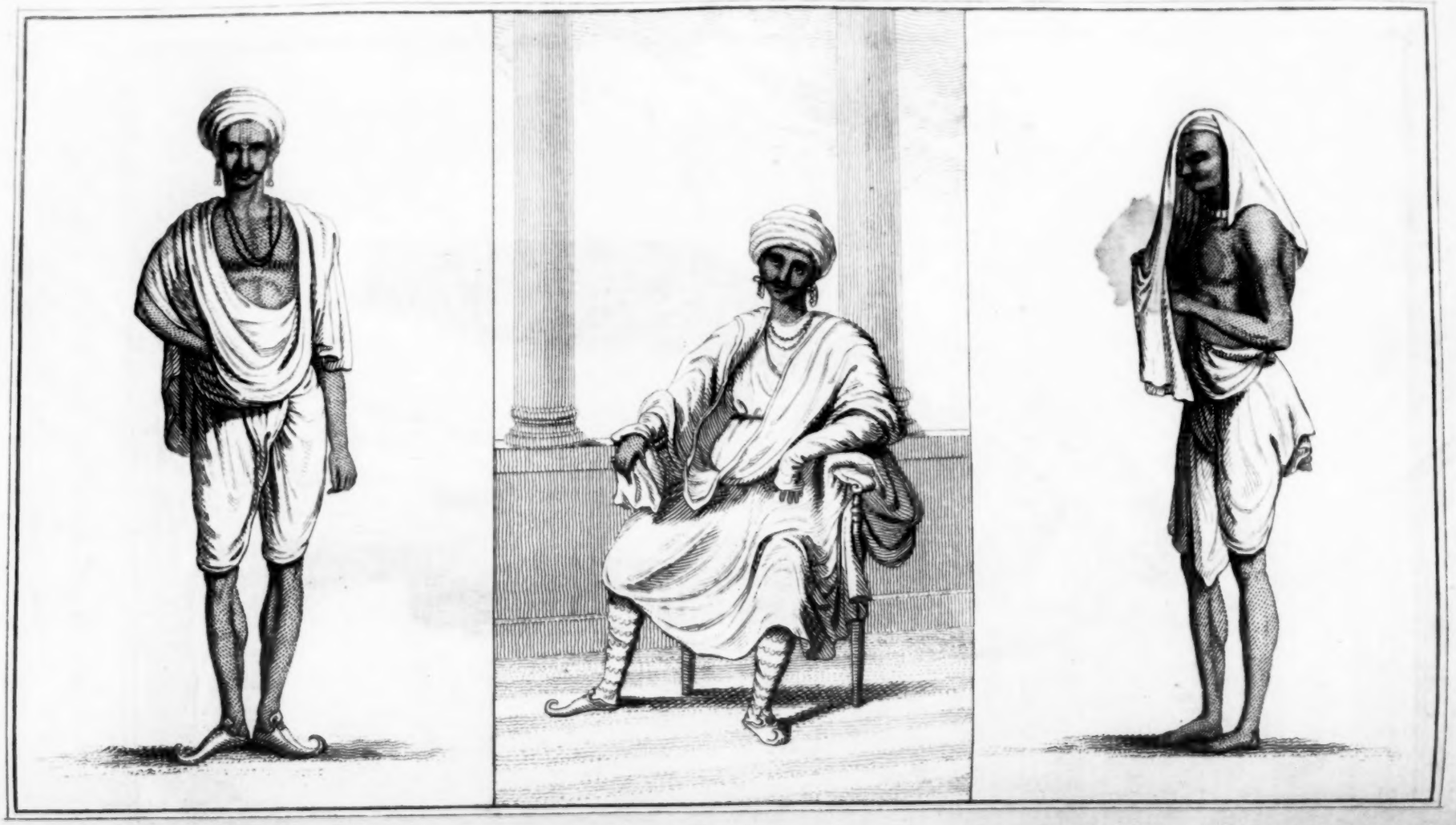
A boy taller by the head than himself insulted Cibber, on which he was rash enough to strike him; but, was soon at the mercy of the big boy. Another lad beloved for his supposed good nature by Cibber being present, called out "Beat him, "beat him, soundly," which so affected Cibber, he burst into tears. When the affray was over he took the lad aside, and asked him how he came to act so? To which he gloutingly replied, "Because you are always jeering, and making a jest of "me to the whole school."

Mrs. Dancer, afterward Barry, afterward Crawfurd, was the daughter of an apothecary at Bath. At seventeen she was promised marriage by a young nobleman, but disappointed; after which she became the wife of Mr. Dancer, an actor, who first brought her on the stage at Plymouth; and going afterward to Dublin under the tuition of Barry, she was rising into great favor. Domestic discontents succeeded: she went out of town on pleasure with a female friend, was there joined by a famous male dancer belonging to the theatre, and anecdotes, epigrams, and witticisms on Dancer her husband, and a dancer her supposed lover, were numerous. In 1769 she married the famous actor, Barry: he died in 1777. Garrick wrote a monody on his death, and this monody for several nights she continued to repeat, acting her widowed grief. A year or two afterward she married Mr. Crawfurd, then known as a young Irish barrister; but much better since, to the theatrical world, as the manager of the Dublin theatre. She died on the 29th of November, 1801, and lies interred beside her second husband in the Cloisters of Westminster Abbey.

A one act comedy, named *l'Accommodement Imprevu*, being performed in 1737, a spectator clapped with all his force, and at

Dadley fculp.

Dress of Miss Brunton, in the School of Reform.



A Byce. *A K'huttry.* *A Brijbasi Brahmun.*

the same time exclaimed "*Ah! Oh! Vile! Wretched!*" The people round him asked him what he meant? He replied: "Gentlemen, I received an order to applaud, and having given "my promise it shall be kept; but I am an honest man, and "cannot belie my conscience. Notwithstanding the applause I "give, I shall now and for ever repeat that the piece is detestable." The spectators round him caught his spirit, and at once applauded and hissed with equal violence.

Douville, the author of a five act comedy, entitled *L'Absent de chez soi*, and brother to the Abbé de *Bois-Robert*, hearing his piece applauded, asked his brother what he thought of it. *Bois-Robert* frankly answered, he thought it bad; as it really was; and the piqued author replied, 'The pit shall be my judge.' —"Right," replied the Abbé; "but you may change your "opinion, in time;" and so it happened. *Douville* produced another comedy, which was hissed, and *Bois-Robert* then asked him if the pit should be his judge? 'Pshaw!' replied the vexed brother, 'the pit has not common sense.' "Ay, ay, you "have found it out," exclaimed the Abbé; "I discovered it "when your first piece was performed."

In a French comic opera of one act, entitled *L'Abondance*, one character in the piece was *Virtue*, personified. The first appearance of it being deferred, and the manager required to say how that happened, he replied—"*Mademoisselle Rosette*, "who is to play the part of *Virtue*, has just been brought "to-bed, and we are obliged to wait for her recovery." The answer becoming public, the part was necessarily suppressed.

MISCELLANIES.

COSTUME. The dress of Miss Brunton, in the School of Reform, is a specimen of that simplicity in which the admirable taste of the present times appears to delight. Of the Indian Costume the first is a Brijbasi Brahmun repeating munters, or

incantations, under the drapery thrown round him, which ceremony, like other Hindoos, he must keep inviolably secret. This, and the four Brahmuns before given, constitute five of the heads of their leading sects, and are specimens of the manner in which the Hindoo priests, when brought on the stage, ought to be clothed. In eminence, next to the Brahmun, is the K'huttry, who now dresses as the plate represents. Under the Mogul government this cast was preferred to all others, the Brahmuns excepted; and, according to their religion, from among its members princes, rajahs, landholders, and soldiers, should be selected. They are less numerous in Bengal than in the northern parts of Indostan. A Byce is the third cast, and is ordered by their sacred books to be employed in merchandize, and husbandry. The Costume of the K'huttry and Byce, therefore, should be accurately noticed for stage representation.

After the temporary recess occasioned by his illness, Master Betty again returned to the stage, and appeared, January 28th, at Covent Garden, in Douglas. There is much difference of opinion, concerning him: even, in the play-bills, he is announced as Master Betty, at Covent Garden, and as the Young Roscius, at Drury Lane; as noted in the monthly list here printed. It may not be amiss to remark that the Roman Roscius was a *Comedian:* a short account of him may at this moment amuse.

Quintus Roscius, a Gaul by birth, and contemporary of the great Æsopus, was the most famous actor in *comedy* of his age. It was said of him, by *Cicero*, that *he pleased so much, upon the theatre, he ought never to have left it; though, he had so much virtue and probity, he ought never to have gone on it**. *Cicero* successfully defended him against *Fannius;* and *Piso* and *Sylla* were likewise his friends. The republic allowed him a large pension; but, according to *Pliny*, not half so much as to *Æsopus*, who was a tragedian. Some say *Roscius* was the first who wore a mask; others deny the assertion: but all allow he was ugly, and had a cast with his eyes. Some estimate may be formed of the luxury in which actors then lived, from Pliny, who

* This characteristically marks the illiberality of opinion that prevailed, among the Romans, concerning actors.

relates that, at a repast, given by *Æsopus*, a vessel of pottery was placed on the table, which cost upward of four hundred pounds, and which was filled with birds that had all been taught to sing and speak, and that cost, on an average, twenty-five pounds a piece. The son of this Æsopus is said to have dissolved pearls, for his guests to drink.

A correspondent writes that Master Betty is going to Wolverhampton in June; where, or in which neighbourhood, *Young Roscius the Second* has appeared. No wonder: managers are overwhelmed with letters: hundreds are said to have been received from parents, who every one have a Young Roscius, only wanting to be known in order to be adored.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A Correspondent, J. C. T. has kindly warned the Editor that, in his opinion, unless the translated Play be omitted, and more be said of the Actors and other temporary subjects, the THEATRICAL RECORDER *cannot succeed; or that he at least will cease to be a purchaser. After sincerely thanking him for his good wishes, the Editor requests him to consider that the very Plays, which he desires to see omitted, will, if well executed, form a highly valuable Collection, as well for the lover of the Dramatic Art as for those who wish themselves to become Dramatic Author. Not only the plans of new Pieces do already, and will continually, present themselves, but many characters are there finely sketched, and, some, almost completely ready for the writer, who shall please to select and bring them on the Stage: while, on the contrary, were 72 closely printed pages, monthly, devoted to what can rationally and animatedly be said of new Pieces, new Performers, and temporary occurrences, such subjects could not fill a single Number; unless the Author were to become a babler, spin his materials to a cobweb texture, and indulge in sleepy insipidity Other friends, however, have been of the same opinion with J. C. T. The Editor can only reply—he thinks they have not sufficiently considered the subject: they have neither properly estimated the treasures they wish to reject, nor foreseen how scanty are the materials they would recommend.*

MONTHLY LIST, FOR FEBRUARY, 1805.

DRURY-LANE.

JAN.		
28.	Hamlet - - - - - - - - - - - -	The Anatomist, and Old Harlequin's Fire Side.
29.	The West Indian - - - - - - - - -	A House to be Sold, and Ditto.
31.	The Honey Moon - - - - - - - -	Fortune's Frolic.

FEB.

1. The Honey Moon - - - - - - - - The Irishman in London.
2. Ditto - - - - - - - - - - - - - Richard Cœur de Lion, *changed to the Humorist.*
4. Ditto - - - - - - - - - - - - - The Mock Doctor, and Old Harlequin's Fire Side.
5. Ditto - - - - - - - - - - - - - Richard Cœur de Lion.
6. Ditto - - - - - - - - - - - - - United Britons, and High Life Below Stairs.
7. Ditto - - - - - - - - - - - - - Of Age To-morrow, and Old Harlequin's Fire Side.
8. Ditto - - - - - - - - - - - - - The United Britons, and The Anatomist.
9. Ditto - - - - - - - - - - - - - Ditto, and The Prize.
11. Ditto - - - - - - - - - - - - - A House to be Sold.
12. Ditto - - - - - - - - - - - - - The Lady of the Rock.
13. Douglas (Young Roscius) - - - - The Deserter.
14. The Honey Moon - - - - - - - - The Lady of the Rock.
15. Barbarossa (Young Roscius) - - High Life Below Stairs.
16. The Honey Moon - - - - - - - - The Lady of the Rock.
18. Ditto - - - - - - - - - - - - - Ditto.
19. Lovers' Vows (Young Roscius) - The Citizen.
21. Douglas (Young Roscius) - - - Bon Ton.
22. The Honey Moon - - - - - - - - The Lady of the Rock.
23. Tancred and Sigismunda (Roscius) The Apprentice.
25. The Honey Moon - - - - - - - - The Lady of the Rock.
26. Tancred and Sigismunda - - - - Bon Ton.

COVENT-GARDEN.

JAN.

28. Douglas (Master Betty's Seventh Appearance at this Theatre.) - Il Bondocani.
29. The School of Reform (by Com.) Hartford Bridge.
31. Lovers' Vows (Master Betty) - The Padlock.

FEB.

1. The School of Reform - - - - - Harlequin Quicksilver.
2. The Mountaineers (Mast. Betty) Animal Magnetism.
4. The School of Reform - - - - - Harlequin Quicksilver.
5. The Mountaineers (Mast. Betty) A Tale of Mystery.
6. The School of Reform - - - - - Harlequin Quicksilver.
7. Romeo and Juliet (Master Betty) The Midnight Hour.
8. The School of Reform - - - - - Harlequin Quicksilver.
9. Romeo and Juliet (Master Betty) The Jew and the Doctor.
11. Tancred and Sigism. (Mast. Betty) The Padlock.
12. The School of Reform - - - - - Too many Cooks.
13. Ditto - - - - - - - - - - - - - Ditto.
14. Ditto - - - - - - - - - - - - - Ditto.
15. The English Fleet - - - - - - - Raising the Wind.
16. To Marry, or Not to Marry - - Paul and Virginia.
18. Ditto - - - - - - - - - - - - - Harlequin Quicksilver.
19. Ditto - - - - - - - - - - - - - Marian.
21. Ditto - - - - - - - - - - - - - Il Bondocani.
22. The English Fleet (by Command) The Review.
23. To Marry, or Not to Marry - - The Escapes.
25. Ditto - - - - - - - - - - - - - Harlequin Quicksilver.
26. Ditto - - - - - - - - - - - - - The Turnpike Gate.